

July, 1937

The Liguorian



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AMONGST OURSELVES

It is not usual to find Americans left at the post when there is a race to be run with other nations. Usually they are out in front from start to finish, and if not actually winners, they are in there fighting to the end.

But when it comes to the Catholic Press, Americans are still at the w. k. post. Other nations come through with regular reports as to their speed and progress; Americans seem to stay right where they are—at the post. Brazil recently reported great advances for its Catholic Press; England sends a dispatch that "an enormous increase in the circulation of all Catholic newspapers has taken place in recent years"; Holland and Switzerland and France are in the forefront of the race; but America has little to report.

Now and then, it is true, someone chirps up about the one Catholic Daily published in the United States; but even that chirp is quickly silenced by the fact that the one Catholic Daily has to send out a new appeal for the means of subsistence. There are dozens of weeklies and monthlies, but none of them is boasting about huge circulation.

What we 20,000,000 Catholics heed is—well, what do we need anyway? We have the usual pride in progress that is characteristic of the nation; we have the means and the intelligence; we have been praised for our stalwart faith; we have writers and journalists. Why haven't we readers?

The Liguorian

Editor: D. F. MILLER, C.S.R.

Associate Editors:

A. T. ZELLER, C.S.R.

R. J. MILLER, C.S.R.

M. J. HUBER, C.S.R.

Business Manager: G. J. LIEBST, C.S. R.

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Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth*

*According to the Spirit of St.
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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No. 7

I AM NOT BLIND

I am not blind,
Though I have eyes that, gazing, cannot see —
There is a radiant chapel in my mind
Where countless visions are revealed to me.

I am not blind
To what too many, seeing, cannot see —
The best of human secrets are designed
To be enjoyed by blind men like to me.

I am not blind
Unto the face of Him who walked the sea.
To others He is dim and faint; I find
Him gazing with a rapturous love on me.

I am not blind
To death and to the grave's dark mystery,
Like men who see too much of life. How kind
The touch of death to me — for I shall see!

I am not blind —
Ah yes, they say: Alas, he cannot see!
I wonder if 'tis I who am confined,
Or they whose vision bars eternity!

— D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

THE ATHEIST

C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.

THE PRIEST'S telephone rang. "This is Father Casey," he murmured into the receiver.

"*This* is the fatted calf," came the answer in a voice which somehow sounded familiar.

"I beg your pardon?" Did he hear aright?

"This is the prodigal son. If, after my unpardonable rudeness in falling down on my appointments, I should at last arise and go to my father would you—would you—by any chance—fall on my neck?"

A great light dawned on the priest. "You piker! Ernest Vailes! So that is where you have been all this time—feeding husks to the swine. Come right along. I shall be looking for you at 8:15 this evening."

"Father Casey, you're a brick." There was infinite relief in the voice. "I had fully expected you to tell me to go jump in the lake—as I richly deserved. I'll be there with bells on."

And so Ernest Vailes was coming back at last to resume his course of instruction in Catholic doctrine. Instructing non-Catholics. How consoling, disappointing, interesting, monotonous, exhilarating, wearying, pleasant, distasteful, fruitful, useless! They come—seeking the light—seeking a girl—seeking a thrill—seeking an argument. They come driven by emptiness and despair, allured by the Church's poetry, stirred to curiosity by the very excess of the charges levelled against her, dragged in by a zealous friend.

Instructing non-Catholics. A hard grind, holding the priest fast bound to appointments at all manner of inconvenient hours;—a night-worker who can come only at four in the afternoon—a housewife at ten in the morning—a laborer on his way home after changing shifts. Most of them however would be coming in the evening; one at 7:30, another at 8:15, a third at 9:00. After a hard day's work, filled with a thousand problems and worries, the priest is longing for an hour of quiet relaxation among his books, but a "convert" is coming. He must

make a superhuman effort to galvanize himself into new life and energy and enthusiasm. If he does not stir himself to make the instruction always interesting the caller will fail to return.

Is he making it interesting? That is the question that tortures him. Eight out of ten sit silent and impassive while he does his best. Are they sincere seekers? Do they care? Can they understand? Are they even listening?

When the course is finished, he asks: "Have you any difficulties?"

"No." "Do you accept and believe all the Catholic Church teaches?"

"Yes." He takes them to the church, listens to them read the "Profession of Faith" in the presence of witnesses, baptizes them conditionally, if there is any doubt about the validity of their former Baptism — and then, not infrequently, watches them go through life as half-Catholics, or, after a few Confessions and Communions, abandon all religious practices altogether. Yes, this work of instructing non-Catholics has its difficulties.

SOMETIMES however it is different. That silent, undemonstrative listener was learning marvellous truths, was being introduced into a new world filled with peace and strength and beauty. He had no difficulties because he was convinced he was listening to God's word. The seed of God's word, falling on the good ground of an humble and docile heart, brought forth fruit a hundredfold. He became a genuine convert, so strong in the faith, so loyal to the Church, as to put to shame many a born Catholic. The privilege of leading one such generous soul into the true fold more than recompenses the priest for a lifetime spent in giving instructions. And, thanks be to God and our heavenly Mother, every zealous priest can count many of these souls among his converts.

One of the most trying features of instruction work is the instability of the callers. A prospective convert, bubbling over with eagerness and enthusiasm, is introduced to the priest. He goes to great pains to find and assign suitable dates in an already overcrowded schedule; postpones important matters in order to be free at the time agreed upon — and never sees or hears of the person again. Others keep their date conscientiously — the first time. After that they come or stay away as the whim of the moment dictates, or arrive late and encroach on the time assigned to somebody else.

A frequent experience of every priest is that of Father Casey with Ernest Vailes. Vailes came faithfully and showed the deepest interest so long as his motive was present; and his motive was Elveda Corey. A love spat estranged him from Elveda, and for months the priest waited in vain for Vailes. Now, their difference patched up, the young man was coming to continue the interrupted course of instruction. Father Casey's shrewd guess was correct. Vailes had asked Elveda to act as mediator, and she had told him bluntly to be man enough to rectify his own blunders. That explains why he, and not Elveda, 'phoned the priest, why he tried to cover his embarrassment by pretended nonchalance and why he was patiently relieved at the priest's friendly response. If he was to continue the instructions—and he had to or renounce Miss Corey's company—he was encouraged to know that they would be kept up on the old friendly lines.

The instructions had no sooner been resumed than Father Casey saw the young man had not grown more sympathetic towards religion in the interval. Quite the contrary. With a hazy idea that he was spitting Elveda after their falling out, he had plunged into a course of anti-God reading. He proceeded forthwith to give them the benefit of it.

"IN OUR former conferences," Father Casey began, "we were considering how right reason proves conclusively the existence of a personal, all-powerful God —"

"You mean," Vailes interrupted, "the Catholic God. But the Jews rule Him out in favor of their Jehovah God. The Chinese say, no, Buddah is God. Others claim Manitou is God—or a stick or a stone or a mountain or a holy moon or a sacred cow or a lecherous Venus or a war-winning Jove. In three hundred Protestant sects, each member uses his private judgment to figure out his own particular easy-going or vindictive God."

The priest waited quietly until Vailes had got all this tirade off his chest, then he asked: "And so—what?"

"Let us quit this war of hatred trying to thrust our own pet gods down one another's throats and try to live together like brothers in peace and harmony."

"And quietly ignore the true God?"

"But don't you see this true God stuff is the bunk?"

"You mean to say that men are incessantly disputing about who

the true God is, and that this proves there really is no true God at all?"

"Exactly," Vailes agreed.

"Just like the big row out at the ball park today, eh? Some said emphatically the fact was that Jones was tagged before he touched the plate. The others said, just as emphatically, the fact was that Jones was not tagged before he touched the plate. You say because they were fighting about it there was no fact at all — they should forget it and live in peace and harmony."

"Ow! right on the chin!" groaned Vailes.

"They knew the fact was there. Their fighting only proved that they knew the fact was there and they were determined to have it made manifest. Even the most peace-loving among the fans knew well that the game simply couldn't go on without a decision on that fact. And remember, young man, the stakes are heavier on the game of life than on any game of baseball. You simply cannot play the game without getting yourself in the right attitude towards the God who made and supports and rules the universe. That is why men cannot help getting wrought up about God, even when they have the wrong idea about Him."

"But listen, if the existence of the true God is a fact, why do they not all see it? Why are they always fighting about it?"

"If," the priest retorted, "it is a fact that Jones was tagged or was not tagged before he touched the plate, why did they not all know the fact? Why were they all fighting about it?"

"Because some of them were cock-eyed and couldn't see the fact, and some of them were prejudiced and didn't want to see it."

"Very well, there is the answer to your own question."

"What do you mean?"

"The existence of the true God is a fact. Every honest, truth-seeking mind should see this fact. (You learned in a previous instruction that there must be an intelligent, necessary, supreme First Cause; otherwise there could not be any effects, no sun, no earth, nothing.) Some do not acknowledge this fact because they cannot see it. Their minds are distorted, half blind. Others do not acknowledge this fact because they do not want to see it. They are afraid it would interfere with their sensual pleasures or their crooked dealings — or they are too lazy and indifferent to go to the trouble of studying the question and learning the fact — the quitters, the slackers."

"But what makes them get that way?"

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"Original sin."

"Yeah?"

"All right then, Vailes, *you* explain it."

"Father Casey, you know very well I have no explanation that would stand up under your heartless cross examination."

"Then accept the explanation that will stand up. God gave it to us — and at the same time He presented irrefutable credentials to prove that He was worthy of belief."

"And resign myself to the misery of seeing this God-fight splitting the brotherhood of man into warring factions forever?"

"What does that eternal fight prove except that men simply cannot keep away from the idea of God — even when they have the wrong idea? What does it prove except that men cannot help thinking about God, cannot get along without God, that they simply must have God? Is there any other reasonable explanation for the fact that the whole human race, from the beginning to the end of time, must be always discussing God?"

"Just a hang-over from the ages of superstition," commented Vailes, "Open, clear, independent minds rise above this petty arguing about God — I mean the atheists."

"Atheists do not argue about God! Why, man, they simply don't do anything else but. They are everlastingly arguing about God, discussing God, ridiculing God, blaspheming God, fighting God, defying God. If there is no God, why don't they drop it? The fact that even the atheists cannot keep off the subject is just another sign that God must exist. Not only must they be always be talking about God, but they must be worshipping a god. They no sooner reject the true God than they must go straightway and set up a false god to adore it. They make a god of their party, they make a god of their leader, they make a God of the state, they make a god of the proletariat. No, Ernest, there must be a God since man's nature absolutely demands One. The conduct of even the atheists proves it."

"They certainly do overwork the subject. I'll grant you that. But they say they are only threshing it out to demonstrate the truth that there is no God — the truth that will make men free."

"Truth," the priest repeated, "truth. The mind craves truth. When it finds and embraces truth, it experiences satisfaction, peace, rest, security. Have you found that your atheist friends are peaceful and contented in mind, secure, calm, at rest?"

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"I am afraid," said Vailes, "I must do them the disservice of testifying that they are the most restless, dissatisfied, nervously high-tensioned bunch I have ever met."

"Just another argument for the existence of God. Without Him there is no peace. That holds for today as it held fifteen hundred years ago. Augustine of Tagaste was one of the greatest minds that ever lived. He took a turn at practically every false doctrine of his day. And the further he got from the true God, the more unsatisfied he became. But he had sense enough to see that his own lust and pride were blinding him — making him mentally cockeyed. And he was man enough, with the help of grace, to shake them off. Then his vision cleared, and he saw the true God. His cry is the cry of the prodigals of all ages, when at last they turn from the husks of swine and rise up and go to their Father: 'Too late have I known Thee, too late have I loved Thee, O Beauty ever ancient and ever new! Our hearts were made for Thee, and they will never rest until they rest in Thee!'" said Father Casey.

—SLIGHTLY INACCURATE—

Propaganda-mongers know no laws. To propagate also means to multiply; propaganda often means the multiplication of facts into the weirdest contradictions.

For example: the London *Catholic Herald* quotes with great delight the astounding figures reached by simply adding up the reports of gains and losses on the Spanish Civil War battlefield made by Red propagandists for the enlightenment of the world. Here are the results:

The Reds have (according to their own reports)

Captured 1,500,000 square kilometers of territory from the Nationalists. (The total expanse of Spain is only 508,000 square kilometers.)

Killed and wounded 2,500,000 Nationalists.

Taken 345,000 prisoners.

Captured 415,390 guns and 775,000 tanks.

Shot down 56,779 airplanes.

Finally, the communications sent out by the Reds yield the amazing truth that *they have captured Huesca 26 times, Toledo 11 times, and Oviedo 22 times.*

These figures were compiled before April 19th. The mind totters at the thought of what terrific totals they must have reached in the two and a half months since that time.

WHAT TO DO IF? . . .

YOU are of a rather sensitive nature. Your closest friend, with whom you have been working for a long time, has just passed you up to choose someone else for a special job. . . . Do you immediately go to the extreme of saying that you will never do another tap of work with that friend? . . . Do you show resentment that you have been neglected by trying to put obstacles in the way of the work, by talking about "your friend"? . . . Or do you calmly consider that perhaps you were not fitted for this particular task, and determine that you will still be ready to work with your friend whenever the opportunity is given you? . . .

YOU are engaged in directing a work for your church or school or for the people of your parish. You have just heard that someone has passed some remark about you. They have questioned your motives, or judged them rashly. . . . Is that enough to put an end to your work for others? Does it send you out on a tour of self-defence, in which you tear down the reputation of others to try to save your own? Or do you realize that some people will always have unkind things to say about those who "do things," and simply make the incident a means for purifying your own motives all the more?

YOU are a mother. You have a child in the Catholic School, and that child has been severely reprimanded by its teacher. . . . Do you take that as a personal insult and let fly with all kinds of criticism of the Sisters in general? Do you rush over to the school and demand an explanation and even an apology from the Sister who "mistreated" your child? Do you threaten to withdraw the child from the Catholic School, and to put him in the public school, where he will be treated with the high regard he deserves? Or do you support the action of the Sister and prevent its repetition by punishing your child yourself for having deserved such a reprimand?

YOU are a father. You have taken a dislike to the man your daughter wants to marry. There is no solid reason for being opposed to him, except that you don't like his nationality or his family or his work. . . . Do you make this dislike a reason for forbidding your daughter to marry him? Do you threaten to disown her if she does not obey you in this regard? Do you spoil and ruin her life for the sake of your own emotions and feelings? . . . Or do you simply ascertain whether he is a good man, a fine Catholic, a capable provider, and then overcome your antipathy and bless the proposed marriage?

CONVERSION OF A JEW

The man who tells the intimate story of his conversion here, is now actively engaged in priestly and missionary labor.

A. B. Klyber, C.Ss.R.

I WAS born of Orthodox Jewish parents in the Ghetto of New York City in 1900. Difficulties which arose in the family made it necessary to place one of my brothers and me in a Jewish Orphanage. I think we were at that time about the ages of seven and six respectively.

One might have expected to receive in such an institution a fair amount of instruction in his own religion, but this was not what happened to me. At the age of twelve, when, due to ill-health I was sent to live in a private family, I did not even know how to pray, although I had supposedly been praying every Saturday in the Synagogue of the Orphanage. I was able to say a few prayers in Hebrew and English, but that I ever raised by mind and heart to God, I cannot recall. Lip-service was what I had been taught and lip-service was the sum of all I gave.

Not even when I was made *Bar Mitzvah*, which means "Son of the Law," a title bestowed on Jewish boys at the age of thirteen after an examination, did I know anything about God. No one seemed to think it necessary to tell me that there was a God; that He was a Person; that He was my Creator; that He could relieve sorrow and desired very much to do so; that He loved me and that I ought to love Him. Sin was to me an entirely new concept when I began to take instruction in the True Faith. I had been given a convenient push toward the dark abyss of rationalism, which has benighted the souls of many thousands of Jews today, especially in the United States.

This was my condition, spiritually, when at the age of sixteen, I left the Orphanage to go to live with my mother's sister. Here was a truly pious soul, orthodox to the heart. Her's was a strictly *kosher* (i.e., literally, "pure," — one in which the ancient Jewish rites are observed) house. Her attendance at synagogue was most faithful. Even in her daily occupations about the little four-room "flat" in which she lived she seemed to be in continued prayer. I can still visualize her lovable countenance, with eyes cast down and lips moving rapidly. In the panorama of my recollections this good woman stands out as the

kindest, most motherly influence of my late boyhood. I have no fears for her salvation; she is in good faith, as are many orthodox Jews. Very easily does she fall into that class of souls for whom the baptism of desire may open the gates of heaven.

ONE MIGHT have predicted that here under the same roof with this noble soul, I should surely become a pious Jew. However God had *other* plans. My aunt did try hard in some ways, to make of me a good Jew, but she failed. I attended synagogue at her bidding, but gave only lip-service, and even *that*, I gave grudgingly. I fasted on *Yom Kippur* (i.e., the Day of Atonement prescribed in *Leviticus*), but only to please her. At home I was a *kosher* Jew; abroad I ate ham with relish! Not even she, with all her piety, ever talked seriously to me about God, about the Messiah, about the necessity of prayer and the dangers of sin. I may say now that had someone asked me at that time whether or not I believed in the existence of God, I do not know what I should have answered. Such a question might have awakened my sleeping soul, but that important question did not come till four years afterward.

I was restless; I could not seem to find my place in the world. Probably this was what led me to try to enter the United States Army at this time—I was 16. Only my Aunt's refusal to consent prevented my enlisting. A year later, April 6, 1917, the United States declared war on Germany. I saw what I thought was an opportunity, a new life, all the more alluring because of the uncertainty of its future. I obtained the consent of my Aunt, and enlisted at New York City. Had anyone told me at that moment that I was to leave the Navy as a Catholic, and that later I was to become a priest in the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer I fear I should have laughed him to scorn. I was not a *pious* Jew; but, neither did I have any special love for the "Goi" (gentiles). But this was God's move. He was using my wayward nature as a means of leading me into the true Sheepfold. It is only upon looking over the past, that a convert can perceive how a kind, loving God arranged in orderly fashion every tiny stone that was to pave for him the highway to His Kingdom on earth.

I need not be specific about my experiences in the Navy. I remained in the service for four years. After varied experiences in foreign and home waters my ship took me through the Panama Canal

and landed me at San Pedro, California, in February, 1918. Religious influences during the period of my service up to this date were almost nil. There was the abuse that was the portion of every Jew who entered the Navy. Fortunately the amount of this maltreatment that fell to my share was considerably less than it was for other Jewish sailors of my acquaintance.

This destructive influence could have produced in me a hatred undying, of everything that was not Jewish. The general contempt with which Jews were regarded in the "Outfit," was a thing that might have provoked the anger of any single Jewish sailor who did not receive the usual sum of abuse. However, again God had His way. Perhaps He saw to it that a few kindnesses from genuinely Christian shipmates should serve as an antidote to the poison of anti-Jewish feeling.

Well, whatever was the process, psychological or otherwise, I found myself now fairly willing to associate with good Christians. (As yet I did not know of the distinction between Catholic and Protestant). I generally made my shore-leaves alone. When I took a companion I made sure that he was morally clean. In this I was not influenced by any code of morals. It was fundamentally human respect. The thought of what my family might say or think; the fear of disease; and a certain sense of fairness towards the woman who might be destined to be my life-companion; all this kept me away from immoral company. Let me add too that Finger of God was here also.

NEAR THE end of the year 1919 one of my good Catholic shipmates invited me to his home in Los Angeles, 23 miles distant from our dock at San Pedro. This he did for the purpose of making me acquainted with the daughters of a neighboring Jewish family. The bait was not over-alluring, for I had never been much attracted by Jewish girls. Nevertheless, through curiosity, coupled with a desire to meet my shipmate's family, I accepted his invitation. The Jewish family did not at all please me; I never re-visited them. But to my shipmate's family, the mother and five adult sons, I became fondly attached. Perhaps they saw to it that in my presence they gave good example at all times. They were thoroughly Catholic.

The young men introduced me into their circle of Catholic friends of both sexes. It was in this society that I was most edified. We attended dances, motored to beaches, climbed mountains, and kept company at

many other times, yet always their conduct revealed to me their exalted sense of duty to God and fellowmen. Of course while I was passing through this "mill" I did not perceive these laudable qualities so clearly as I do now; but I may safely assert that had their conduct been anything other than it was, it might have formed a serious stumbling-block in my progress toward the Church. I do not think it is possible to over-value the power of good example.

These experiences with my Christian friends disposed me favorably to their views of life; a suggestion at this stage might have opened for me the portals of the Church, since I was now poised between my own indefinable condition of soul and the religion of my friends. I continued my visits to my shipmate's family. Of course on Sundays they attended Holy Mass, necessarily leaving me alone in the house till they returned. Now, although I said nothing to them about this, I did not like it. Finally one Sunday they found enough courage to ask me to accompany them. I do not know what day it was, but I recall that a Solemn High Mass was being celebrated. When we entered the Church I knelt down with the rest because I had too much human respect to sit down! I noticed the devotion of the worshippers only vaguely; I did not pray because, I suppose, I did not know how. The Service itself was very impressive, and I am sure that Jesus spoke to my heart from His Altar Throne on this memorable morning.

NOT VERY long after this experience, while motoring with my shipmate and his family, his mother boldly suggested to me that I become a Knight of Columbus! I laughed. I saw through her request, and knew that she was asking me almost flatly to become a Catholic. At this I was not at all displeased; in fact my heart took an additional beat or two. However, since I did not know exactly what to say under the circumstances (I was somewhat disconcerted), I remarked that it was foolish to think that a Jew could be accepted in an organization which was so exclusively Catholic. To this she replied that it was not impossible and that I could become one if I wished. Here the conversation turned to other topics, but my mind was now confronted more proximately than ever before with the matter of becoming a Catholic.

I think it was about a week after this very important conversation that I found myself in a 'brown' study about the question of conversion.

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For about three weeks I refrained from making any visits to Los Angeles, and abstained from all distracting amusements. The favorable and the unfavorable sides held the floor alternately. I was a Jew! the very notion of becoming a Christian was ridiculous; in fact it was *only* a notion. Human respect intruded — what would my relatives think and do? What would all my Jewish friends do? Very likely I would lose all of them. How they would laugh, and consider the move, were I to make it, a very insincere one. But pitted against these turbulent thoughts, came the heralds of peace. There was in me a dim but real sense of the peace that the religion of my friends might bring me. Something in me was pulling me, urging me, giving me courage, pushing aside all these terrifying objections, and making conversion look easy. After all, I thought, I had my new friends, and perhaps time would heal the soreness of the separation between me and my relatives and old friends. In addition to this there was the faint notion that perhaps I might marry one of the Catholic young ladies of my acquaintance. God was using here a very human means to draw into His embrace a very 'human' person, one who could claim for himself only a discouraging array of vices and bad habits together with a flabby will.

At length the time for action arrived, and I made my decision, come what might. I could not face the thought of revealing my decision in person to the mother of my shipmate, so I chose the next best way — a letter. In it I gave briefly my state of mind, and asked what I must do to become a Catholic. In her reply she suggested that I see my chaplain. At the same time she sent me a copy of "The Faith of Our Fathers," and of "The Question Box." I now learned from her that her deceased husband had used these very books when preparing to leave the Episcopal Church to become a Catholic.

This ready and encouraging reply made me very happy. In spirit I was now thoroughly Catholic. I might say that I believed even before I knew. Those two excellent books I read greedily, hungrily. What vistas they opened to me! It was all new, all beautiful, refreshing, consoling. My starved soul grew fat; it seconded every truth of faith without question. No argument seemed necessary. I drank in the truth as does a little child in the catechism class. Of course I approached the Catholic chaplain and received from him an intensive course of instruction for about a month. On February the Eighth, 1920, I was "born again" in the Sacramental waters of holy Baptism. The happiness of this

moment can be understood only by those who have experienced it.

THE ATTITUDE of my relatives, upon receiving the news of my conversion, was belligerent. I had been foolish, and even crazy. I had taken the step on mere impulse and for some personal gratification as it was my nature to do in most things. We exchanged many letters, some of which might better have been left unwritten. In my zeal for the True Faith I was unfortunately too intolerant with my family. However, time, that wonderful healer, has accomplished its work. Today, after many years, the hearts of all my relatives have visibly softened towards me. I even dare to hope that the good God will soon take one or the other of them under the shelter of His Wings, as He has taken me.

Since the events thus briefly recorded, many things have happened to me. I have ascended the altar as a priest; I have stood in the pulpit as a Catholic missionary; I have been privileged to work in a hundred ways that the grace which I have received from God may be granted to others. As a consequence of it all, one thing stands out vividly before me: it is the necessity of prayer for the grace of God's light and strength. From the moment I myself knelt down and asked God to enlighten and strengthen me, my way began to grow clear. When doubts and uncertainties regarding my vocation began to harass me as they do every youth preparing for the priesthood, it was by prayer that they were relieved. When I see souls today in need of help or light or strength, I instinctively feel that it is only by prayer that their need will be fulfilled.

Natural effort is futile without prayer. Should you, kind reader, be a Jew, one who is unaware of the existence of a supernatural grace and life, let me beg you to ask God for it. Get down on your knees now, and if you cannot make a full-hearted prayer for Light, at least make an hypothetical one: "O God, *if* such a thing as this supernatural light exists, I beg you to make it known to me." In the affairs of your daily life you make very many things, more or less important, hang upon an "if." These things all pass with time, leaving behind them most frequently, a sense of unsatisfied desire and even dissatisfaction. What "if" there should after all be a supernatural life, a life which leads to eternal, consummate fulfillment of your desires? Is it not worth the effort of a tiny prayer?

THE HIGHER "CULTURE"

If you have read many of the so called "better periodicals" you will recognize the principles set forth here. If not, you will see what you have missed and be happy that you have been spared.

D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.

QUITE often ignorant people assail United States citizens with the damning charge that we (the writer is one of them) have no culture. Grosser ignorance could scarcely be imagined. Have such persons never read the higher class of magazines of this country? They simply reel (not to say reek) with culture. And the telling point is that almost anybody in the country could edit one of them — our culture is so widespread. Just a few fundamental principles to follow out — a few big names to be listed on the board of directors — and there you are. Enlightenment plus. Advanced thinking almost post-historic. For those going into this field of cultured journalism, these are the sacred principles never to be foresworn:

1. Never, if you love big money, let any article get into your pages that allows even the flicker of a doubt to be cast on the theory of evolution. Don't dare ever refer to apes without giving them their proper title, something like this: "our noble ancestors," or "man's immediate progenitors" or "the last triumph of nature's progressive self-development, save man." If a great scientist arises to cast doubt on the conclusiveness of some of the evidences for evolution, give him the laugh. Don't consider his arguments; just say: "Who, we ask, is Professor Finklebaum?" Or ignore him.

2. Nearly every issue of your "cultured magazine" must have at least one article on some phase of the institution called marriage. You have a great deal of latitude here, but certain principles must be upheld or your cultural rating will go down to zero. For example, you may not, under any conceivable pretext, ever hint that there is any natural or immutable law pertaining to marriage. To let anything like that creep into your pages would be fatal. There are certain standardized introductions to articles on marriage that it is well to keep before you, and you can measure the cultural value of manuscripts submitted for publication by their resemblance. For example, a sure-fire introduction

would be the following: "Nothing is so necessary in a consideration of marriage in these times as perfect, not to say brutal, frankness. We must be frank in facing the fact that marriage can no longer be regarded as having any relationship to the so-called ten commandments, because no one any longer believes in the ten commandments. We must be frank in facing the fact that marriage is not to be regarded as anything sacred or religious, as some of our more benighted ancestors looked upon it, etc., etc., etc." That will do very nicely. If a writer starts out like that, he may end up with any variety of conclusions; he may even go so far as to say: "We know we are unorthodox, and that the vast majority of sociologists is against us, yet we believe that all in all, and with due allowance made for exceptional cases, (which may easily become the rule) monogamy is sometimes a little better than polygamy." Or, he may say: "Far be it from us to set down any hard and fast rules in this matter, or to seem to be oblivious of the yearning hearts of those married persons who have a perfect right to seek emotional fulfillment in extra marital experience, yet we think that all in all, the unpleasant consequences of adultery should give pause to those who are contemplating such a course." A little dangerous, of course, but such things may pass.

3. While "birth control" belongs to the subject of marriage, it deserves a heading and a warning in its own right. Like evolution, this it one of the sacred subjects for your cultural journal. Under pain of expulsion from cultural circles, you must at decent intervals carry a long scholarly article proving the absolute necessity of universal birth-prevention. There are two angles of approach: one the Sociological and the other the human-interest angle. The Sociological article bristles with figures and facts and "laws." It takes surveys of the tenement districts in Brooklyn and Chicago. It quotes eminent leaders of reform movements. It takes itself very seriously, and always ends on a note of warning — that unless we wake up and do something at once to put birth prevention in operation everywhere, we are a lost nation. The human interest angle has to be very chatty and anecdotal. It describes Molly X, poor thing, who met us at the door of her undersized apartment with one baby in her arms, another under foot, and two or three playing under the table. Her husband was a steel-worker, getting \$25 a week. Our heart went out to Molly. Poor thing, she was about to give up. Another baby was coming in July. Imagine, etc., etc., etc." Lots of

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such "if you have tears prepare to shed them" stuff. That will go over big in your cultural organ, so long as it is all in favor of birth prevention.

4. If you want to be a successful editor of a cultural magazine, you must know something about religion. But you don't call it religion. You just call it "the church." That means all religious sects: they are just lumped off together as "the church." Your attitude, and that of those contributors whose stuff you accept, must be one of rather tolerant and distinct superiority. You don't need religion; you yourself have long since learned how completely science has quashed it; but ho hum, it's a subject that interests some people, and we must give our readers what they want. There is a regular catalogue of headings for the kind of article on religion you should publish; some of them are as follows: "What's Wrong With the Church?" "The Church Must Wake Up," "The Church is on the Spot," "The Decline of the Church." If you can get ministers to write articles on such topics, all the better. And (here's a special hint) if you can get your hands on anything that in a scholarly style and with learned seriousness goes after the Roman Catholic Church, grab it by all means. That's your best material. Nothing vulgar or shoddy, you understand; it must be "learned" and clever.

5. Perhaps you'll use stories and perhaps you won't. But if you do, they must have the "Culture" mark or nothing. None of this Saturday Evening Post stuff for you. You can't be inhibited by delicacy or Victorianism here. Stark realism is what shows your culture. Stories written in the first person, for example, by crude factory hands who toss in plenty of "damn's" and "hell's" and more obscene and irreverent expletives. Stories that minutely describe the emotions and thoughts of a moron up to the moment he commits suicide. Or stories that nobody can make head or tail of because they are like modernistic art, full of images that have no meaning except in the writer's brain. That's culture. That's art.

You'll do pretty well if you follow these five principles. Of course, the market for cultural magazines is fairly well stocked right now. But there is always room for more—and the more of them we have, the less will "foreigners" condemn us for our lack of culture. They don't know what they are missing.

Three Minute Instruction

ON GOOD INTENTION

It is often said that religion should effect a transformation in the lives of men. This means, of course, that religion provides the motives through which sinful actions are avoided and good actions, like prayer and deeds of charity, etc., are performed. But it means more than that. Religion provides the means whereby all indifferent actions are transformed into expressions of love of God and means of merit for the soul. This is done by the use of the good intention — neglected by so many people:

1. God wants not only the direct service and homage of His children, as it is given in attending Mass and saying prayers, and receiving the Sacraments; He wants everything they do to be directed to Him. St. Paul makes this clear, when he says: Whether you eat or drink or whatever else you do, do all to the glory of God.
2. It is impossible for a person to be thinking constantly of God, and consciously directing to Him "all, whatsoever he does." God does not expect that. But He does ask that at intervals frequent enough to carry over from one to the other, a conscious intention be made by which every thought, word and deed is given to God.
3. There are certain opportune times for making such an intention. The most obviously so is the morning, when one awakens. At meal times is another such occasion. Before beginning one's daily work is another. Before entering a period of recreation is another. In a time of suffering or pain is another.
4. The expressions by which indifferent actions are transformed into prayers should be very simple, "All for Thee, O Lord," "O God, I give you all my thoughts, words, and deeds as expressions of my love," "May this day, or this action, or this recreation, be to the glory of my God."

The reward of habitually using the good intention is beyond conception. It covers the whole of one's life with the vesture of prayer; it obtains the special Providence and protection of God. It makes the avoidance of sin easy because it keeps the soul mindful that there are so many positive actions that can be pleasing to God. It takes away the feeling of futility that so many people experience because they have time for so few prayers. It makes holiness out of the ordinary stuff of the ordinary man's life — and God Himself asks for no more.

BEFORE THE BALL

An old song honors the romantic sentiments that awoke "After the Ball" was over. This "romantic" story gets well under way before the ball.

F. X. Murphy, C.Ss.R.

"**Y**OU'RE a fool, Gus Hammerl, just a plain, ordinary fool. Here you've managed to go along for sixty years without ever climbing into one of those monkey suits and dum-fangled bow ties. And now what'd'ya do? You let yourself get talked into attending a fancy hop, rig and all. Well, it serves you right. If you can't be firm after sixty years, you . . . can't be . . . ugh! sixty years . . . darn! there goes that shoe lace!" Gus was talking to himself, at a furious rate. And the shoe lace spoiled a perfect Hamlet. He stooped, grunted, tied a knot and continued musing.

Yes, he had let himself get talked into this Legionaire's Ball, all right. And here he was just sixty. No, he had never worn a tux before, although all the other males in the family had, many times. . . . Funny too, about that conversation he overheard at Malachy's, just the other evening. They were talking about him, old Gus himself. And the little runt with the sloppy mustache got off that line about him, Gus killing himself with work on the Moving Van, while the family went gallivanting, and all that. . . .

Pshaw! what nonsense. . . .

Old Gus was a short little fellow with two twinkly blue eyes; his legs were a bit bowed, with the weight of other people's furniture, but his torso was solid steel and he had a pair of arms like steam shovels. People said he owned a Moving Van, an engaging disposition and a tendency to imbibe — little else. And his family owned him . . . that is, when he was on location. Otherwise their ownership was somewhat potential, involving the daily necessity of scouring the neighborhood saloons for their bread-winning pere. And in the course of a few years even he had picked up a trick or two: such as parking his big red Moving Van outside one saloon and making a bee-line for another, several blocks away. However, between the family and the neighbors his recent records for an all-day 'A W O L' were suffering badly. But that didn't bother Gus. Nothing did. He was so used to being hauled home and tongue-lashed to the tune that nobody would ever trust their furniture

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to him again, that when the composite family tongue stuttered, he was ready with the proper word.

Yet people liked Gus. And though they swore at him for promising a job at eight and showing up at ten, or breaking a leg off the family's precious rocker or grandma's horse-hair sofa, he always seemed to have enough business on hand to talk his way out and sneak around the corner for a little 'snifter.'

And here he was tonight, dressing for the Legionaire's Ball — and swearing. He wasn't a Legionaire — or course not! Ah! but his brother was. That griped him. In fact, just thinking of his brother, dear little Charlie, — a bachelor of some fifty odd, living with the family — griped him. Charlie was the Legionaire and Charlie had roped him in for this; Charlie with his continual chatter about respectability and those newspaperish words he was always using, bourgeoisie and proletariat and fetish . . . ah, what the dickens. . . .

IT WAS the kids again. His grandchildren, Bobby and Billy. Charlie had arranged everything. He was going to play nurse-maid tonight, just to have the family make a big showing. The whole gang, Gus and Mame, Margaret, their eldest and her husband, Walter, his wife and Harold, were going to the Ball, a big family turn-out. And all for Gus's sixtieth birthday. Usually, in fact always, Charlie did the honors and Gus stayed home with the kids. But not tonight. Charlie had seen to that — people were talking a little too much anyway . . . about the way Charlie seemed to be running the family . . . and the way they neglected Gus . . . and wasn't Gus really the old man, etc?

Tonight, however, it was all set. Gus was going to be on deck with a vengeance.

But there were the kids howling. Well, Gus knew Charlie would never get them to sleep. So he barged in: "Sh, shh, you little imps" his voice was kindly, "not so much noise, not so much noise. And go to sleep for your uncle Charlie." The kids were up with a bound. But Charlie scowled him out of the room and the women folk descended upon him, in full panoply. "Come on, Pop, hurry up. You're keeping us waiting. Here we're all set, and you haven't even got your studs in yet!"

Margaret piloted him back to his room and was wrestling with his collar. He wriggled free, however, and pushed her out. He'd be ready in a jiffy. The way these daughters order you around. Why, he could

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remember when he had to dress. . . . "Why, what, what are you looking for, Ma?" Mame had just pushed her way into his room and was rummaging through the chiffonier. "Aw, Gus, won't you please hurry," she pleaded, putting the pins she had found in the drawer, between her lips, "we're all ready."

"Sure," Gus drawled, "I'll be with you in a minute, Ma . . . in a minute. Here, just fix this tie for me. . . . Gee, you're looking younger than ever, Ma. Reminds me of when we used to go courting, the powder and perfume and all. . . ." Mame, with two pins in her mouth, straightened the bow tie and merely nodded, "M-m-mm." But Gus managed to kiss her playfully.

Then the kids started howling again. Mame let out a scream: "Margaret, can't you do something about those brats of yours? Here's the only night your father . . ." and she trailed off into the parlor. Gus chuckled to himself and began fumbling with the cuff links. Funny how those kids could distinguish between the real article and what was being put over on them tonight. When he was staying home and the crowd was dressing there wasn't a wimper out of them. But with grand-uncle Charlie . . . humph. . . .

The howling got worse. "Hey, come-on, will you, Pop, we're waiting." It was Walter, and pretty impatient, too. How many times had he waited for that brat. . . . "O.k., o.k. — be right with you . . . soon as I get this . . . ugh, this belt, uh, uh, fastened." Those kids, they'd get sick howling like that. Maybe if he . . . out he started for their room.

"Hey, where'ya goin' now Pop? And you haven't even got your coat on yet! For crying out loud, can't you see we're waiting?" disgust was just oozing out of Walter's voice.

Gus turned, a bit helplessly. "Oh, all right. I was just going to shut them kids up." He got an idea, — "Look, suppose the crowd of you leave now. It'll only take me a second to quiet those kids, once the excitement here dies down. Then I'll jump into the rest of my clothes and follow you. You six can just fit into a cab, anyway. I'll get one for myself."

Mame didn't like the idea and said so. After all, he was her husband, and thirty years had taught her a thing or two about trusting him. . . . But the others were tired of waiting and dragged her off.

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GUS breathed a sigh of relief, and sat down for a minute. Gosh, those patent leather shoes were pinching already. He eased down and loosened one — then gently kicked it off — just for the minute. Then he tip-toed into the kids' room. There was Charlie. And of all things, trying to read "Dunt Esk" to them! No wonder they were howling. Gus kept hold of his temper. "Look Charlie," he whispered, "you duck out of here for a few minutes, I'll get them off to sleep." Charlie tried to squawk, but Gus shooed him out. The kids hopped up on top of the bed. "Hey, Gramp, whatcha got on?" "Hey, Gramp, where you goin'?" Gramp was all smiles. "Sh, sh" he whispered, "your ma'll have your life." Billy was almost on his shoulder. "Hey, you little son of a gun, you'll get me all fuzzy," Gus chuckled and lifting him by the arms planted him squarely in bed.

"Sing to us, Gramp," sang out Bobbie, "like you allus do, and we'll go to sleep."

"That's a good boy," Gramp mumbled, "yes, you go to sleep" and he began to hum: "Tum, tum, tee-dle-de-dum, tee-dle-dee-dum. . . ."

Charlie poked his head in: "Pst! Gus! I'm going to dash down to the corner for some tobacco and a paper. Be back in a second."

Gus winked at the kids: "Sure thing, Charlie, go right ahead. We'll be sitting pretty in a minute." Gus started to hum once more, sitting on the edge of the bed.

Bobbie stirred. "Hey, Gramp, you didn't kiss me good night, yet. Kiss me good night, Gramp." Gus leaned over and kissed him, but before he knew it, Bobbie had grabbed the tie and jerked it open. "Oh say, you little scamp," Gus protested in his lowest register, "I'll never get that thing together again." But Bobbie rolled over in a frenzy of chortling. "Sh . . . sh . . . there's Billie almost asleep — you'll wake him on me," Gus pleaded.

But Bobbie was restless tonight. Maybe if I just lay down here on the edge of the bed, thought Gus, he'll calm down. I can brush off these pants. Just because they have a stripe on them, that doesn't make 'em too good for a whisk-brom. He eased off the other shoe and gradually managed to lie down quietly. The shirt choked a bit so he loosened the collar. Then he took a peep at Billy. Sound asleep. But Bobbie's eyes were wide open. Maybe if he pulled the light? He did. Bobbie whimpered a minute, then lay still. He could hear his watch ticking. "Haa-um" he yawned once. Wonder if that kid's asleep yet?

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He moved stealthily and started to rise. "Where you goin', Gramp?"—Bobbie was still wide awake. He eased back down again. "Haa-um." . . .

CHARLIE had slipped down to the corner candy store and got himself a package of "Prince Albert" and the final edition of the "Sun." He got talking about the horses. Twenty minutes passed. Then he remembered the children and went striding up the street. When he reached the house, he tried the door. It was locked. Funny, he thought he had left it open. His keys weren't in his pocket, either. But the lights were all out. Oh well, better not ring the bell. Gus had probably put the kids to sleep and gone. The kids would be all right. He'd just drop in down-stairs and wait for the gang to return.

Mame and the crowd had taken a taxi to the Ritz and left Gus's ticket with the usher: "A short, little man, clean shaven and not too grey." The usher looked at the ticket. "What, Gus Hammerl, the Moving Man? Sure I know him, madam. You just leave this with me and I'll give it to him when he comes in." So in they went. The Ball was one of those gorgeous affairs, all satins, silks, corsages and marceles—and crowded. Mame, son and daughter were soon absorbed in their own separate little circles and the dance surged on.

A gong struck one A.M. "Be it ever so humble . . ." wheezed the orchestra and the crowd grew restless and started to stream homeward. Mame drove home with the Prices who lived across the street; Margaret and husband in a cab, Walter and wife got a lift from another couple—and they wouldn't expect Harold for hours yet. Why, the young lady he was escorting lived way up in Highbridge. . . .

"Say, mother," Margaret suddenly blurted, as she fumbled for the keys, "where's pa?"

"What? wasn't he with you?" asked Mame, really taken aback. "Why, I was sure I saw him. . . ."

"We didn't see him either," chimed in Walter.

"Good Lord. . . ."

They tip-toed into the kids' room. "Well, I'll be a . . ." whistled Walter. There was "Gramp" and his tux, in with the kids, sound asleep.



In all God's creation there is no place appointed for the idle man.
—Gladstone.

THE QUEER ONE

L. F. HYLAND, C.Ss.R.

From childhood, when he had insisted on covering his textbooks with drawings of men, women, horses, dogs, and trees, he had had the creative urge. He could not handle anything, much less work on anything without trying to adorn it according to the teeming fertility of his imagination. To create beauty was his passionate need.

He carved heads into the wooden knobs of fenceposts. He drew murals on the kitchen walls of his home. He made busts out of soap and cities out of cardboard and cathedrals with matchsticks. Everybody called him a bit queer; himself, he felt intensely human.

Art doesn't often pay a living wage. Neither does industry, for that matter, but its pitances, bar depressions, come more regularly than those that accrue from art. So the "queer one" got a job. The job was in a furniture factory. He had to stand at a slicing machine, and watch the machine cut and polish identical strips of wood, to be used as table legs, all day long. He almost went crazy watching.

Then the urge overpowered him. When the whistle blew for the lunch hour, after stopping the machine, he seized the last table leg that came through and surreptitiously made off with it. He gulped his lunch in a moment and then attacked the table leg with his pen knife. The first noon he carved a ring of tiny gargoyles around it at the center. He brought it back to his machine and laid it in the box with the others. That evening he escaped with a table leg and over night had carved the symbols of the twelve constellations up and down it. The next noon he succeeded in winding a snake around a leg so realistically it seemed to be moving. He was happy again.

That afternoon he was watching his machine, but thinking of what he would carve that evening when a foreman suddenly stood over him. He brandished three table legs in his hands and let out a yell:

"Are you the dumb fool who had been defacing the company's furniture? Look here, you, are you guilty of this?" He thrust the table legs under the "queer one's" gaze.

The "queer one" looked, and his eyes lighted up at the sight of the beauty he had created.

"Why, yes," he said, "I —"

"That's all I want to know," came the answer. "You're through. This is a furniture factory—not a place for kids to whittle. How dy'a ever expect us to put stuff like this in our tables? Our customers want beauty—machine made beauty—not scrappy stuff like this. Get out and draw your pay—less the cost of three table legs."

The "queer one" let his arms fall. He looked about him—over the dozens of men sitting or standing at machines, with dull eyes and expressionless faces. He waved an arm over it all, then turned to the foreman and said:

"All dead—dead—and you killed them. Good-bye, murderer."

He walked out, and left the foreman staring.

DIALOGUE

BEST SELLERS

H. F. Wade, C.Ss.R.

Time: Afternoon.

Scene: College room. Mike lies on divan with feet draped over the back, his head propped up with pillows, deeply immersed in one of the latest highly colored "best sellers." Henry enters.

Henry: Heigh-ho, Paleologus! you look taken up.

Mike: Ummm?

Henry: I say: the book must be interesting.

Mike: Er, er, — yes. It is. (*without moving his eyes from the print*).

Henry: Beautiful day, you know.

Mike: (*No answer.*)

Henry: (*sits at table looking from Mike to book*) Almost half through, aren't you?

Mike: Huh?

Henry: Who's the author?

Mike: Say, go sail a boat, will you?

Henry: (*rising, walking over to window and looking out*) I'd love to. Unfortunately, however, not a leaf is a'flutter: — not even a mouse.

Mike: (*Closes book. Pulls in feet. Lights a cigarette*) Ugh! As long as this keeps up, I guess I had better try something else.

Henry: I'm sorry, ole' chappie. Here's a note Dippy sends with his love.

Mike: (*opens and reads. After a moment*) Why, that pigeon-toed, lame brained monkey! Fooey on him! The last time I loaned him a book, I had to whistle a month for it.

Henry: Is that what he wants?

Mike: Yes. I showed the book to Pete this morning. Pete told "Dippy." And Dippy as usual doesn't lose a minute in getting on the list.

Henry: Sounds like you don't care to lend it to him.

Mike: Aw, I don't mind lending the book. But that guy doesn't know how to take care of other people's things. He's always borrowing. Never has anything to lend. Or he happens always to be using the

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thing you might want to borrow. He's one of these "gimme boys" who never puts out. . . . Besides, you want to follow me on this book, don't you?

Henry: Who, me? No, thanks. I don't care for that type.

Mike: I notice you don't go in for these fashionable books. You are only half educated, m'lad. You don't know what you are missing.

Henry: Missing? Ha!

Mike: Why sure. Here in these books is life as it's lived.

Henry: Yes. Life as it's lived. That's the only thing that makes those books, plus the high pressure advertisement of the publishers, so called "best sellers." That's their only merit: life as it's lived.

Mike: What do you mean: their only merit?

Henry: Just what I said: their only merit. What other merit have they? Language and story; these are the two things that go to make up good literature. There are a number of writers of this century and of last who are far superior in both of these qualities, and they are hardly known. Next century, save a few, they will be entirely forgotten. And, mind you, I said their products as a rule are far superior to the majority of these best sellers.

Mike: That's your *opinio*.

Henry: Yes. My opinion. But my opinion, dear one, is founded in fact.

Mike: Oh, Yeh! Speak on!

Henry: That bulky hodge-podge of nonsense you have there, I give only ten years of life, at the outside limit.

Mike: Why this is the rage of the country.

Henry: Yes, I know. They are even intending to dramatize it in Hollywood. Nevertheless ten years from now, and it will be but ancient history. If you are living then, mark my word. If I prove wrong, drop in at my place of business and I'll treat you to a bottle of soda.

Mike: Generous!

Henry: Remember that big endless thing you were reading about this time last year. That was the "best seller" of the day. It, too, was the rage of the country. Where is it now? How many are reading it. How many will read it a few years hence? Bah!

Mike: What in the world do you expect of a book? It's purpose is to entertain. This accomplished, it has a right to recede into the background. Just because a good book doesn't continue to play in the flood-lights is no sign that it's no good.

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Henry: You miss my point, Capronicus. I merely mentioned that fact to indicate that these so-called "best sellers" aren't all they are played up to be. In a wee word they possess very little of the true qualities that give immortality to a good book. Their ephemeral popularity must be traced to other sources.

Mike: Which are?

Henry: As I mentioned before:—Life as it's lived. And high pressure advertisements.

Mike: What's the complaint against that? Would you prefer life as it isn't lived!

Henry: No.

Mike: Well, if I'm not a ten-winged lizard! You don't care for life as it is lived, and you don't care for life as it isn't lived. . . . Aw, Henry, you shouldn't have done it. You've been fooling me all these years. You don't like reading at all.

Henry: I like good reading: good in its original sense.

Mike: Speak on. That last remark of yours is rather befogged.

Henry: As far as I can recall the purpose of literature it has something to do with ennobling the emotions. Or has it?

Mike: Continue.

Henry: Certain facts of life well written can achieve this end remarkably well. Others tend to defeat it completely. In other words: there are certain things about life which can be nicely written about, and quite inexhaustibly. Other facts were never intended for the written page.

Mike: Never intended! What do you mean. That depends entirely upon the age and culture of the times. Authors are free to write on anything they wish.

Henry: Yes, that's what some people think.

Mike: Isn't it a fact.

Henry: According to civil law in this country, at least — perhaps, yes. According to moral law, emphatically no.

Mike: Why?

Henry: Are you free to commit a mortal sin?

Mike: Well, morally speaking, no. At least, not without incurring the guilt.

Henry: Are you allowed to place yourself without any good reason in the proximate occasion of mortal sin?

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Mike: No. I can do that with hardly less guilt than committing the sin itself.

Henry: Can you lead others into mortal sin or place them in a proximate occasion without incurring the same guilt?

Mike: No.

Henry: Then you should understand why authors are not free to write on anything they wish.

Mike: I don't quite follow. You had better draw your conclusion a little more clearly.

Henry: Listen: The Catholic Faith and a pure soul are the two most precious possessions any man can have in this life. And any author who contributes to the ruination of either of these perpetrates one of the meanest crimes that can be committed.

Mike: But, how —

Henry: How do they do this? In numerous ways. Ridiculing what we hold sacred. Making fun of Catholic Doctrine. Justifying things that the Church condemns. Caricaturing priests and nuns. Making a joke of Catholic ceremonies. Making fools of those who try to be Catholics. Dressing up sluts in fine clothes. Making super-men of those who fear neither God nor man (such bravery!) and are fettered by no law. Being morbidly detailed in over-delicate scenes. And making pécadillos, pranks, or just mischievous behaviour of downright mortal sins. . . . That's how they do it.

Mike: Aw, even so, Henry. The majority who read these books are old enough and capable to discriminate, and slide over such stuff as that. It's true that it comes in occasionally, but, my heavens! you can hardly miss it entirely in any book of today. The only sensible thing to do is to skip such phrases and passages when you come to them.

Henry: Skip 'em, Ha! The only sensible thing to do is not to risk reading such books.

Mike: Do you mean that?

Henry: Every bit of it.

Mike: Aren't you an extremist?

Henry: De gustibus variis. But I don't think so.

Mike: Well, why so stiff?

Henry: Listen — suppose you were a wealthy man: The possessor of a million dollars; the owner of a palatial residence, four or five great big cars, and numerous other lovely things.

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Mike: Oh, boy! How you can dream.

Henry: What precautions would you take to preserve this fortune?

Mike: If I had to lose it, it would not be without a terrific struggle, I can guarantee that.

Henry: For instance; what would be your first precaution?

Mike: How much jack did you say I have?

Henry: A million. No, ten millions!

Mike: Cats you must have invested that million in good oil. . . . Well, my first precaution would be: "G" man vigilance.

Henry: Of what would that consist?

Mike: Mainly of looking out for the least suspicious thing that might endanger the loss of my fortune.

Henry: If there was a particular individual with peculiar powers of wheedling people out of their fortunes —

Mike: What about him?

Henry: Suppose he wanted to call on you and try his powers on you.

Mike: Oh, yeah!

Henry: What would you do?

Mike: I'd see that he wouldn't get in.

Henry: Suppose he insisted.

Mike: And he called on me?

Henry: Yeah!

Mike: I'd throw him out.

Henry: That's hardly polite. You wouldn't even give him a chance?

Mike: Heck, no!

Henry: I didn't say he would surely rob you of your fortune.

Mike: Yes, I know.

Henry: I only said: He might rob you.

Mike: That's right.

Henry: And still you wouldn't give him a chance.

Mike: Unh, unh! He might be in one of his succeeding moods and I'd be out of luck.

Henry: You bet you would be out of luck! And if you took the foolish chance of giving him entrance into your home, you'd deserve to be out of luck.

Mike: I'd say I would.

Henry: That's the kind of precaution you would take with a temporal fortune. . . . Is all the money in the world worth more to you

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than your faith, or are all the palatial residences and luxurious cars and lovely things in the world, worth more to you than your purity of soul? (*Mike gives a prolonged sigh, rises from divan, puts book under his arm and reaches for his hat.*) Where are you going?

Mike: I'm going to throw this blasted "Wheedler" in the river. Where do you think I'm going?

PRAYER BEFORE COMMUNION

1. Jesus, I want You
For my own sake
because I am nothing,
because I am weak,
because I am a sinner.

2. Jesus I want You
For Your sake
that I may know You,
that I may love You,
that I may grow like You.

3. Jesus I want You
For the sake of others
that I may never do them
harm,
that I may always do
them good,
that I may give them to
You.

1. Jesus You want Me
For my sake
because You created me,
because You died for me
because You have chosen
me.

2. Jesus You want me
For Your sake
that I may be with You,
that I may be one with
You,
that your joy may be in
me.

3. Jesus You want me
For the sake of others
that through me You may
heal others
that through me You may
teach others
that through me You may
give Yourself to others.

Since You want me, Jesus, take me;
All that I have, Poverty;
All that I am, Chastity;
All that I can be, Obedience.

Jesus teach me
To see all things as You see them
To feel about things as You feel about them
To be what You want me to be!

— Archbishop Goodies, S.S.

OPEN LETTER

ON GOING TO COLLEGE

Dear Candidate for College:

I have something very important to talk to you about. It concerns your future. It may be that you haven't yet heard some of the things I shall say — because up to very recently no one ever dared to cast a flicker of doubt upon the accepted program for a youth leaving high school. It was assumed that if it were within the range of possibility, he should at once enroll in some university. That was deemed the one and only way to success, greatness, happiness and what you will. More than that, a youth who could not go to college, because of family circumstances or financial insecurity, was looked upon with pity by his companions, relatives and friends. His life was thought to be ruined from the start; it was the end for him.

Thoughtful people are just beginning to wake up and see that this was one of those foolish superstitions to which the too standardized American public is prone. Not that a university education is to be despised as such. But the theory that it is the best possible use of four years' time for every young man and young woman can be exploded by the widest testimony of experience and the elementary use of the faculty of reason. Beyond a doubt, pressure is being brought to bear on you toward getting you to take up a college course. The purpose of this letter is to move you to pause and consider before you do so.

The method of education in most of our universities today (Catholic and non-Catholic alike) is such that only a certain well-defined class of youth can profit by it for life with anything like a proportion of compensation for the time given it. The method consists in subjecting you to a certain number of courses in diverse fields; granting you "credits" on the basis of your attendance at classes, and your fulfillment of "assignments" made by the instructors; and ultimately, the conferring of a degree which means no more and no less than that you have not missed too many classes, have not displayed hopeless inability to fulfill your assignments, and have passed an examination that required the remembrance of innumerable facts. Now it is possible to submit to an "education process" like this without being one bit more "educated" when you finish than when you began. It is possible to attend 20 classes

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a week for four years and to learn nothing from any of them; it is possible to pile up credits enough to give you a Ph.D., and yet be empty-headed of real knowledge. It has been done; it is being done every year. It means taking a terrific amount of punishment in the form of listening to lectures in which you are not interested, cramming for exams about things you will never think about again, etc. etc. If all this is to be to no avail, why waste the four years?

OF COURSE there are many compensations—if you want to call them that. There is the feverish social life at almost every university today that will open its arms to you and help you to forget the boring hours in the classroom and library and the taxing work of finishing assignments. You will be free to join any number of societies, fraternities or sororities, clubs, etc. Each one will have its dances, parties, dinners, formal and informal get-togethers. You will meet kindred spirits of the opposite sex, and be mildly or severely carried away by “love’s young dream”—carried away from all thought of serious study or research. You may “make” one or the other of the athletic teams, spend hours dreaming over your picture in the paper and your past and future exploits on the athletic field. A college education in the modern sense holds all these things out to you; if you consider them worth anything to your future life, you have a reason for going to college—but you should not say it is because you want to be “educated.” And you should know that the chances are about ten to one against their helping you very much in your future life.

All this may seem rather hard on “modern university education.” The picture drawn has been drawn from experience—both at a typical university and with the products of such. But don’t mistake me. I am convinced that despite all obstacles, there is an education to be acquired at a University *by those who are fitted for acquiring it*. Not all are so fitted. Perhaps you are and perhaps you are not. You should try to ascertain to which class you belong before considering a university education at all.

The first mark of such an aptitude is a sincere interest in books and study—that cannot be sidetracked or overcome by the dozens of distractions college life provides. Your high school experience should give you an inkling as to the strength of your zest for study and your ability to overcome obstacles thereto. If in high school you found your-

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self far more interested in athletics and social affairs and active pursuits than in keeping up with your classes, there is grave danger that if you go to a university you will not escape from your external surroundings into the solitude that the quest of learning demands. More than that, if you found study actually boring, and found yourself thinking longingly of some type of work you would like to do, or some trade you would like to learn, the chances are that you won't develop a great deal of interest in the studies required at a university. If these signs were accompanied in high school by low marks or ratings in your studies, it is pretty clear that you should go in for a trade or a job in some practical field rather than waste four years driving yourself to something that will not profit you in the end. It is a standard joke that dozens of men go through college only to become bond salesmen — and poor ones at that, when they get their degrees. They would make better bond salesmen or business men in any field if they had started four years earlier to get acquainted with such a line by taking a job.

The second mark that the university candidate of today should possess is a certain amount of initiative in study. By that I mean that he should not be entirely dependent on others for the advancement of his knowledge. There are plenty of poor instructors and teachers in the universities; the student with initiative will know how to take the materials offered, no matter how uninspiringly, and make something out of them or build upon them. The student without initiative will know of nothing to do except condemn the professor and remain at a standstill in self-development. Our standardized type of university education is for strong characters; who with a minimum of guidance and sometimes despite bad guidance — will push forward to the goal of intellectual and moral and aesthetic culture. The effect of a university education on weak characters is too often a state of bewilderment that casts a cloak over the entire life time.

IF YOU feel that you have these qualities, viz, a real interest in study and intellectual development, and initiative enough to make the best use of poor means, choose a university—but in God's name choose one that is Catholic. With the best intentions and safeguards in the world, you cannot escape the anguish of bewilderment if you go to any other. Your religion will suffer; your intellectual humility will suffer (they will teach you that your opinion is as good as anybody

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else's even in the most important things of life—a very gratifying dogma but one that means stagnation and self-destruction), and your morals will suffer (unless you are made of iron). If you want to pit the hope of worldly advancement against these things, you are too far gone for this letter to help at all.

So you see, its a problem, this question of your future. Don't decide it in a hurry. Don't let anybody pull you into a university simply because you were a good half-back on the high school team, and the university needs you; nor because "there is a swell bunch of fellows at the U. and you can have a wonderful time," nor because somebody said "your chances in life are ruined unless you get a degree." It may well be the other way around in your particular case. At any rate, consult and be advised by someone who knows you well before you make a decision involving four important years of your youth.

Sincerely Yours,

L. F. Hyland, C.Ss.R.

WHAT PRICE GLORY?

National pride has displayed itself in many ways, but here is a new one. The Austrian Bridge League has dreamed of taking the international championship in that well known indoor sport called Bridge. (Note: Bridge, 2, n. a game of cards; a variety of the game of whist.) Recently it discovered a wizard at the game, one Herr K. Schneider. He was immediately taken over by the League and is being subsidized to promote his abilities. He has a strict rule of life. He and the partner who has been chosen to play with him have to live at a Vienna Club; their clothes and other necessities are furnished; they receive about \$40 a month. They spend much of their time at cards. They may not play with any other partners; may not play for money; may not keep any prizes they win but must turn them over to the League. All their Bridge is played under arrangement by the League. They have become so perfect that it is said they do not make one mistake in 1,000 hands. So perfect is their bidding that elaborate precautions must be taken to avert suspicion that they have signals. They are not allowed to look at each other or their opponents during a game; must keep their hands glued to their cards at the edge of the table; must bid in a monotone and never change facial expression.

They call it a game! What price glory!

SUMMONED AT NOON

SANCTITY AMONG OUR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

MAURICE RETOUR

A. T. Zeller, C.Ss.R.

A FEW years ago, in an article entitled "The Passing of the Saint," a professor of the University of Pittsburgh said that, saints do not exist any more; saints cannot exist, — "for the traditional idea of saint is extremely out of place in a democratic age. The term 'saint' is not in harmony with our scientific naturalism or our militant industrialism."

This can be inspired only by a complete misunderstanding of the word "saint." In the first place, far from being out of place in a democratic age, it ought to be one of the attributes of a democratic age. Democracy or in a general way, the supremacy of the individual, ought to make for saints. For a saint is such not by reason of anything he inherits or has but by reason of what he is, what he (of course, with the help of grace) made himself. It implies a supreme form of the individual man.

For saints were men of the people and for the people. For it is true, it is essentially true, that as they grew in perfection of manhood (in love of God above all) they grew in love for their fellowmen — they became not only fellow to all mankind, but one with all and each. Can the principle of democracy be stated better?

In the second place, the professor thinks that "the term 'saint' is not in harmony with scientific naturalism." That may be all the worse for scientific naturalism. Why not try to bring scientific naturalism in harmony with sainthood? If sainthood is perfect humanity, scientific naturalism condemns itself; it might make perfect machines — but machines crush humanity.

As for militant industrialism — we need only say that, since the professor wrote those words, it has come into considerable disrepute even by those who only but dimly realize the value of sainthood. Industry is a virtue, industries are tools; industrialism is the slavery of man to his tools and the owner of the tools, and as such, the end of the virtue, in fact the subversion of humanity.

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We could illustrate very beautifully from the life of any saint the falsehood of the Professor's remarks. But, in an unrecognized saint of our own day, we have a striking proof that if there were more saints today the evils of the day would be relieved and its problems happily solved.

The story of Maurice Retour is one of the finest human stories ever written and lived; it shows that because he strove for sainthood he manifested what is best in democracy, in naturalism, in industrialism.

FLOWERING OF YOUTH

Maurice was born January 11, 1889, at Ferté-Masé, an industrial city in the Department of the Orne, in Northwestern France—the Normandy. Here the Retour family had for long years owned and conducted an important textile industry.

His first education he obtained at home with his sister Jeanne, two years older than he, and his cousin Madeleine. Madeleine later became blind; already her eyesight was weak and this gave Maurice a chance to learn the most delicate kindness and thoughtfulness.

The family had a delightful country home some miles out of Ferté-Masé, called "Rocher Marie." It lay at the very entrance of the forest of Bagnoles—and here Maurice was happy to spend half the year. Here he acquired the love of nature and the outdoors which was characteristic of him.

A certain gentleness characterized him from childhood. He was very affectionate towards all the members of the family, but especially towards his mother. And if already he tried to correct his childhood faults as he was told to do for love of the Good God, it was also to please his mother. She had the greatest influence on the boy. He himself tells of an incident that shows this.

One day he got a bad note in Catechism Class. His mother asked the reason—because she always helped him prepare his lesson. He acknowledged that he had lied and had not said anything about the two preceding lessons. His mother looked at him with evident disappointment and said: "My little boy, I shall not be able to believe you any more, because you have deceived me!"

"Oh that look!" said Maurice many years later. "I have never forgotten it. It taught me better than any more severe reprimand could have done the sinfulness of lying." How well the lesson stuck may be

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seen from an incident that happened a short time after. Someone asked him: "Did you say this, Maurice?" He answered spiritedly: "I certainly did not say that, because it is not true."

His love for his mother grew with the years and proved a saving influence often. Thus we find him, in 1914, writing from the trenches:

"How good it is to live in memories! The best of them come to my mind and deep in my hole, while the shells pass over my head, I live again the most beautiful moments of my life. . . . My infant years so coddled by mama. Time and again, when about to do something foolish, I stopped at the thought that it would make me sad to pain her whom I loved so much. No one could love his mother more than I do and not even the expressions of filial love of St. Augustine for his mother Monica, that I am just now reading, are strong enough to express the depths of the feelings that bind me to my dear mama."

Even in these early years, too, he gave evidence of that charity that later on he loved to exercise with so much tact. One day he saw a poor man approaching the door. Without giving the maid time to answer, little Maurice hurried to the kitchen, took a big loaf of bread and giving it to the poor fellow, said: "Take this and eat it. You're hungry. It's for you."

Of course, as to charity, he was in a very good school; for the kindnesses of his parents are a by-word around La Ferté.

AT SCHOOL

At the age of ten he was sent to the Minor Seminary of La Ferté as a day-scholar. Here he spent four years. Like many of the Catholic schools, since closed by unjust laws, the Little Seminary was at that time flourishing and gave an excellent schooling. One thing Maurice learned here was intense work.

Every morning he wanted to be roused early so that he might study before going to school. This gave his good old nurse-maid almost her only cause of complaint. For fear of not being awakened in time, he would often knock at her door even in the middle of the night to ask what time it was.

"Your Maurice is doing very well. We have only one quarrel between us. He is always in such a hurry to get away to school — especially in the morning, and I don't want him to stand freezing at the college door. I was quite vexed last Monday. Since then he is more reasonable."

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While his parents were at Biarritz on their vacation, Maurice wrote to his mother:

"Since you are away for such a long time, my dear mamma, I want you to know everything that happens at home as if you were with us. So I have taken the resolution to write a diary for you. Of course, it will be for you all, papa, mamma, and Madeleine. But I'll address it to you, because you are my dear little mamma."

So he tells her all, — his work, his fun and his faults, — with child-like sincerity. He acknowledges many a boyish prank. Thus on the way from school, the houses along the way offered some temptation. Maurice tells how a stop was put to them.

"A great reform must be announced to you. Henceforth, on leaving the Little Seminary, the scholars will be accompanied by a professor. . . . We won't be able to ring the doorbells any more!"

He had a heart of gold. An old family friend describes the boy to his family:

"If he weren't a few centuries too late, he'd make an excellent knight, this little boy would. He takes up the defense of the weak against the strong. There is in his class a certain student who is so timid that he doesn't know how to defend himself and consequently has become a butt for all the rest. This revolts Maurice and he has declared himself the boy's defender. His indignation is really remarkable!"

While growing in knowledge, he was also growing in size and strength. Ever since he was seven, he loved horseback riding and all physical exercise. Hiking and bicycle-riding were favorite sports of his. During one of his vacations his parents allowed him to make a bicycle trip to Paris with two young companions of his. It was almost a week's trip. They bought their food along the way and ate it on the river bank. They slept in barns on bundles of hay and straw. But after three days riding his companions gave up. Maurice yielded because the younger one was really suffering and consented to return by train.

Like a real boy, too, Maurice, was serious when he had to be. Already he showed a deep and manly piety. On July 11, 1900, he made his first Holy Communion in the seminary chapel. He prepared for it with the greatest fervor. That evening the following incident took place.

"Well, Maurice, are you happy now?" asked his father.

"Not altogether, papa," replied Maurice.

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"What's the matter — what is wanting?"

"Papa, you weren't with me at the Holy Table, this morning."

The father who was somewhat negligent about Communion, replied:

"Console yourself, my boy, — that will come sooner than you think."

And it did shortly after.

HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

Maurice was fourteen when he finished the course at the Little Seminary. His parents sent him to Paris, to the public school for his secondary schooling.

It was while here, just as he was preparing for his examination in rhetoric, that he lost his father. Maurice never spoke of that death except with the deepest emotion and he ever kept a vivid remembrance of his father's last counsels.

The Public School at Paris, however, did not suit Maurice at all; he could not become acclimated to it. So that when he was to take up his philosophy, he asked whether he couldn't go to a religious school. He was sent to the College of Joan of Arc at Lille.

Here he met a man who became his close friend, one who exercised a very decisive influence on the young man. It was the professor of Philosophy, the Abbé Lestienne. He had the faculty of making his course a preparation for life. In Maurice he awakened a vocation — not to the priesthood or the religious state, — but to make his life as useful as possible by consecrating himself to social work, to the spread of the Catholic Faith.

Writing to his fiancée a few years later, he sums up this period of his life thus:

"I would recall only one period of my life: that from my seventh to my fourteenth year. These years, spent at the Little Seminary of La Ferté, during which, blessed with the love of my parents and teachers, my life was the sweetest in the world — ignorant of evil, loving all that was good and beautiful, and often thinking of offering my life to the good God. Never has the memory of those years left me. I was happy and with a pure conscience I tasted all the joys offered me.

"Then I was forced to quit this great calm in order to go to the public school. With one blow I lost parents, friends, and familiar scenes. I met derision on account of my language, derision on account of my naiveté, derision on account of my most cherished beliefs. I never

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suffered just despair; but I just shut myself up in myself in contempt for my surroundings. Despite myself, I felt the full force of the attack, and it would have destroyed my faith if God, if His grace had not freed me from these surroundings and brought me to Lille. The example of Abbé Lestienne reawakened my ideas of the apostolate and I understood anew that my life would be made useful by devotion to the welfare of others.

This he conceived as a real vocation. The time was nearer than he thought for exercising it.

THE YOUNG INDUSTRIALIST

In 1910 Maurice finished his military service and returned to La Ferté. Whatever hopes he had entertained of higher education had to be sacrificed. A task lay before him — thrust into his hands by the premature death of his father. The textile factory at La Ferté called for energetic management. It was up to Maurice. Though young for such a charge, he acquitted himself of it with such intelligence, tact and goodness that he soon won the esteem of all his employees, young and old.

He looked upon his factory as the field of his apostolate. How he felt about it, how seriously he conceived his duty may be seen from a letter written soon after to his fiancée.

"To know that 350 people await their daily bread from you, to be certain that with work and intelligence and patience one can make them gain more still, — what more does one want to give him a fervor for seeking every possible practical betterment!

"Finally, being a Christian, to have the happiness of thinking that his wife will one day work with him hand in hand, to feel that one will possess this sister soul to aid in realizing this great and beautiful dream — it is too beautiful, it is enough to make one beside oneself with joy."

We shall see him little by little adopting the whole social program of Leo XIII — a Catholic social leader. Unfortunately death cut short his dreams.

His first institution was a sort of credit bank for his employees.

He looked upon his employees as his family. He mingled with them at all times, especially at their meals, and showed himself sincerely interested in everything that concerned their welfare.

Next he wanted to introduce what was known in France as the

"English Week" — with Sunday off, and Saturday afternoons. He discussed the matter with his employees.

In one of his first letters to his fiancée he describes his efforts:

"I shall henceforth always speak freely to you about all that concerns our employees. I spoke to you about the "English Week" and you agreed that I should try it. We begin next Saturday. The workmen start an hour earlier than usual, work for five hours and quit at noon. In the afternoon the mechanics will make the needed repairs — that till now were made Sunday morning, often taking all day.

"I have only one regret in the matter of this reform — that the employees do not agree with them. It will be hard to gain their full confidence and to talk freely with them. We shall begin with the little ones and that is where I expect effective work from you since they need affection and know how to love those who do them good. This evening I am showing them some slides. I would like to tell them that soon they will have another mother to love them and take care of them while their real mothers are working. But I must guard this secret of my heart."

Strange to say his social reforms did not meet the approval of the workers. The older ones in particular objected. Maurice writes about it to his fiancée:

"I had a bad time with our employees yesterday and today. You know that the "English Week" was very badly received. Tired of hearing their arguments, left and right, I sent out a list through the whole factory to find out how many workers want to continue with the English Week. Result: the end of my new reform. I was rather vexed about it; but this morning there came a theatrical turn: on entering the factory I learned that the employees had not understood what was asked of them and that all would like to be free Saturday afternoon. A number thought that with my democracy I was upsetting good order and I acknowledged that for a while I did not know what to think.

"I walked through the factory and all the employees wanted to leave their work to ask for the continuance of the English Week. Convinced that this was really their desire, I stopped the machines at noon. And so the English Week is maintained.

"It all matters very little, but it shows you as it did me, how hard it is to change the habits of the employees even for their own good, and how much harder still it is to organize their initiative for reforms that mean so much to them.

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"But instead of being discouraged by such little incidents, we will make them our apprenticeship. We shall learn the art of gaining the confidence of the workers and it is for this reason that I am already associating you with all my little troubles. It is from such an example as this that we can see clearly the lack of organization in the working class. A good union would end all that; but it would take workers who are intelligent and above all unselfish, real apostles — souls, — and alas, such are rare enough."

Maurice was not of the kind that was easily discouraged by obstacles. The one great preoccupation of his mind was his factory, — ways of ameliorating the conditions of the workers. This in fact he looked upon as the duty of his state, the will of God for him, his vocation. And because he conceived it thus, he loved it and it became a real passion with him. We find him writing again to his fiancée:

"After you, the thing that occupies my thoughts most, is our factory. I love it so much that the thought of it never leaves me; I try to find its defects, I wrack my brains to find ways of improving it. Since my return from the regiment, I have succeeded in making some improvements. These successes encourage me and I shall be tempted to find in the goodness of my effort the sole object of my work. So I asked the good God this morning not to let me thus be earth of earth, but to let me keep Him Himself for the goal of my daily striving.

When it came to providing for the good of his employees, no detail not even the slightest escaped his attention. Everything that concerned them seemed to him of the greatest importance.

"Because we are fortunate; let us not be ungrateful and let us employ our good fortune in the service of the Good God," he writes once more to his betrothed. "Already I see that I am doing much more for the Good God since I know you. Little things to make work more agreeable for them that otherwise would never have come to my mind, I now do for our employees. This evening we made an arrangement that will enable them to heat their soup at lunch time, up till now they had to take it cold or lukewarm."

Such solicitude for the employees, on the part of the young manager, could not fail to touch their hearts. At times they expressed their feelings in their own simple way which "profoundly touched" Maurice.

A great and noble love had come into his life and from that time on the young manager — who was only 22 years old — looked forward to

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help in the work he looked upon so seriously as God's will for him. I cannot help quoting from a letter in which he confides his worries and his dreams to her. He writes:

"I love these days filled to the brim with work. They sap ones nervous energy indeed, but what a joy it is to me then to rest while giving you my daily thought. Later on I shall tell you, in the same way, all that I do. We shall discuss together all that each has done — for our life will be an active life using all the weapons of our youth. In order not to become too one sidedly practical, I shall not use all my day like now — but I shall reserve a little time to stock my mind with things that please — especially with religious and social studies.

"If you only knew how I long to begin this life with you! It seems so sunshiny to me! You will see how pleasant it is to be busy with one's industry when one feels that there lies duty, and how ardently one can then use all his intelligence to improve it.

"To know that more than 350 people expect their daily bread from you, to feel that with work, intelligence and patience one can enable them to gain even more, what more could one want to give him a fever for all practical improvements?

"In fine, being a Christian, to have the happiness to think that one day his wife will work with him hand in hand, to feel that one will possess that sister-soul in order to accomplish his great and noble ideal — this is too beautiful, it is enough to make one foolish with joy!"

(To be continued)

NATIONAL LITERACY NOTES

In France, there are 60,000 bookstores for 42 million people; that is, one bookstore to 700 people.

In Germany, there are 15,000 bookstores for 63 million inhabitants; that is, one bookstore for 4,200 people.

In Great Britain, there are 10,000 bookstores for 43 million people; that is, one bookstore to 4,300 people.

In the United States, there are 6,000 bookstores for 126 million people; that is, *one for 21,000 people.*

SETTLING A GRUDGE

The father of a baby boy born at Stafford, England, was on the outs with the registrar of births at the time. He evened his score by giving him a real job in recording his child's name. He named him Chusan Rishaitaim Maher-Shalal-Hash-Baz-Dodo Maximilian. . . . We wonder what the child is going to do to his father to even his score, when he grows old enough to feel the burden of that name.

Quadragesimo Anno

THE ENCYCLICAL: THE FORTIETH YEAR

Translation and Comment by R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Chapter III: Modern Changes; the Root Evil and the Remedy

Since the time of Leo XIII, profound changes have taken place in business life, as well as in Socialism.

PART I: CHANGES IN BUSINESS LIFE

It is quite obvious, in the first place, that business life has altogether changed its aspect. You are well aware, Venerable Brethren, and Beloved Children, that Our Predecessor of happy memory was considering in his Encyclical mainly that way of doing business which as a general rule combines the capital supplied by one party with the labor furnished by another in a common business enterprise: a combination to which he gave this most apt description: "Capital cannot do without labor; nor labor without capital."

Now, Leo XIII's whole endeavor was to bring this way of doing business into line with the dictates of right order; so in itself it surely cannot be condemned. And certainly it is not evil of its very nature; the violation of right order comes in only when capital engages workers or the proletarian classes for the sole reason and with the understanding that capital is to run the business of the firm—and even all the business of the world—according to its own sweet will and for its own exclusive profit, without the least consideration for the workers' human dignity, the social character of business life, and even social justice and the common good.

It is true however, that even in our days, this way of doing business is not everywhere in force. There is another way, which still engages the activities of countless hosts of worthy men, as for example, in the farming business, where the great majority of all mankind find means to earn an honest livelihood. This way of doing business, also, has its burdens and its difficulties, to which Our Predecessor gave attention several times in his Encyclical, and which We have mentioned more than once in Our own.

But with the spread of modern industry throughout the world, the "capitalistic" way of doing business has also spread in all directions, particularly since Leo's Encyclical was given to the world. In fact, it has contrived to enter and affect the lives of those who in a business or in a social way are quite beyond its sphere, bringing them not only its conveniences, but also its shortcomings and its vices, and leaving on them, as it were, the imprint of its own peculiar sign or seal.

When therefore, We give Our attention to the special changes which have taken place in capitalistic business life since Leo's day, We are speaking for the good not only of the people who inhabit regions where "capital" and industry predominate, but of the entire human race.

QUESTIONS ABOUT "THE FORTIETH YEAR"

How is Chapter Three of "The Fortieth Year" divided?

Into three parts: *first*, the changes in business life since Leo XIII; *secondly*, the changes in Socialism; *thirdly*, the root of modern evils and the remedy.

What is noteworthy about the term "business life"?

"Business life" is a practical man's term for what sociologists call "economic life" or "the economic sphere"; and since the Pope addresses this Encyclical to practical men—"to all the faithful"—it seems well to use the practical term in the English translation. Another term which the Pope uses for this "business life" is "the capitalistic way of doing business,"—called by the sociologists "the capitalistic economic régime, or system."

What is noteworthy about this "business life" or this "capitalistic way of doing business," itself?

By "business life" or the "capitalistic way of doing business," the Pope means the carrying on of economic production, transportation, manufacture, etc., by means of a combination of capital and labor, with its animating Spirit—i.e., the *institution* of capitalistic business life. The noteworthy thing about this institution is the fact that it has two elements or sides; a *technical* side and a *moral* side.

Why does the Pope say that in this way of doing business the capital and the labor are supplied by different people "as a general rule"?

If the workers in a business firm buy and own stock in the company, as they sometimes do, they are then contributing more than just labor; they are contributing both labor and capital. Still the business is in the main a capitalist one: for the capitalists' main contribution is capital, and the workers' main contribution is labor; and "as a general rule," the workingmen do not own stock in their company.

What is the technical side of the capitalistic way of doing business?

It is the *fact* that in this way of doing business there is a combination of one man's capital with another man's labor in a common business enterprise.

What is the moral side?

It is the *spirit*, good or bad, which animates this way of doing business.

What, in brief, are the "profound changes" which the Pope says have taken place in the capitalistic way of doing business?

The Pope is not referring to changes in the technical side, but to the changes in the moral side, or the spirit of the capitalistic way of doing business; and in particular to changes in the morally bad spirit of "economic individualism." This has been the general animating spirit of the capitalistic way of doing business since its beginning; a morally good spirit was and is the rare exception. But changes have taken place in the spirit of "economic individualism," and these are the changes to which the Pope refers; namely, in 1891 the spirit of "economic individualism" manifested itself in the bitter struggles of *unlimited competition*; in 1931, it manifested itself in the struggle for *economic domination*.

In Part One of Chapter Three, what does Pius XI do?

Three things: *first*, describes in general the capitalistic way of doing business; *secondly*, describes its spread since Leo XIII; *thirdly*, treats its changes since Leo XIII.

Describing in general the capitalistic way of doing business, what does Pius XI do?

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Three things: *first*, describes its technical side—i.e., the fact that in this way of carrying on business "capital cannot do without labor, nor labor without capital"; *secondly*, indicates that it can have a morally good spirit, because Leo XIII's whole endeavor was precisely to infuse this morally good spirit into it, and *thirdly*, shows how it can have a morally bad spirit.

How did Leo XIII strive to infuse a morally good spirit into the capitalistic way of doing business, i.e., how did he strive "to bring it into line with the dictates of right order"?

This is the whole object of "*Rerum Novarum*," as Leo XIII indicated in the introduction of that Encyclical, where he says that his intention is "to define the relative rights and the mutual duties of the wealthy and of the poor, of capital and of labor." "Further on in "*Rerum Novarum*," n. 15, he lays down and explains the principle that in the state or "the body politic," capital and labor are to work together with the same harmony as the various bodily members do in an individual body; and in n. 17-18, he shows in detail what labor and capital must do in order that this "morally good spirit" may animate the capitalistic way of doing business.

Does the Pope ever define this "morally good spirit" in itself?

Yes; Pius XI does so in "*The Fortieth Year*," at the end of the section on a just wage: "Then only will the economic and social orders be what they should, and attain their proper ends or objects, when they procure for each and all of their members all those goods and benefits which can be supplied by the wealth and resources of nature, technical skill, and a truly social organization of the economic order; and these goods and benefits should be sufficient to supply all the necessities and reasonable comforts of life, and to raise men to that higher level of prosperity, which, provided that it be used with prudence, is far from being a hindrance, but actually is an immense help to a life of virtue." He also describes it at the end of this section on "Changes in business life" where he indicates the remedies which will give this "morally good spirit" to the capitalistic way of doing business.

Are there any practical instances of a capitalistic way of doing business, which is really animated by this good spirit?

Yes; such would be those few firms in which the profits are not all kept by capital, but are divided also among the workers; and in which fair methods of business competition are used; one example of this in the United States is the Louisville Varnish Co.

When, practically, does the capitalistic way of doing business "violate right order" in the way here described and condemned by the Pope?

This is a description and condemnation of business life animated by the spirit of economic individualism or liberalism, whether it manifest itself as unlimited free competition or as economic domination.

Just how is this a violation of right order?

Right order demands that the workers be paid a just wage, and also that the profits of the business be shared with them as well as with the shareholders; it demands that no unfair methods of business competition be used; it demands that the common good of the country be served by the business. But the spirit of economic individualism or liberalism prompts capitalists to disregard "the workers' human dignity," i.e., to keep all the profits for themselves, and even to pay less than a just wage to the workers; it prompts them to disregard the "social character of business life," i.e., to use any means whatever of business competition or

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to crush all competitors in the struggle for economic domination; and it prompts them to disregard "social justice and the common good," i.e., to strive to corrupt and control the state for their own profit and advantage. In short, economic individualism, or "rugged individualism" urges the capitalist to use capital and labor as though they existed for him alone; and this is what the Pope condemns as "a violation of right order."

Does the Pope use the term "Capitalism"?

No; but the Catholic Code of Social Principles, does, n. 163: "Capitalism is characterized in our days by an ever increasing economic dictatorship."

Does the Pope condemn "Capitalism"?

It depends on what a person means by the term. 1) If it means just the technical side of the capitalistic way of doing business, he surely does not condemn it. 2) If it means the technical side of the capitalistic way of doing business, animated by a morally good spirit, he does not condemn, but approves it. 3) If it means the technical side, animated by the morally bad spirit of economic individualism described above, he surely does condemn it. Note that this last meaning—that *Capitalism is a way of doing business in which one party contributes capital, and another, labor, and which the capitalist exploits for his own exclusive profit and advantage*—is what the "Catholic Code of Social Principles," and what people in general most commonly understand by the term "Capitalism"; hence it seems correct to say that the Pope condemns Capitalism, as people usually understand the term.

Does the Pope condemn Capitalism just as strongly as he condemns Communism?

No; he condemns the evil spirit of economic individualism which animates Capitalism; but he says that the technical side cannot be condemned: i.e., it is not intrinsically wrong. But in the Encyclical "Divini Redemptoris," n. 24 and n. 58, he condemns the entire Communist system as "intrinsically wrong."

Describing the spread of the Capitalistic way of doing business since Leo XIII, what does Pius XI do?

Three things: *first*, shows that there is still another way of doing business besides the capitalistic one; *secondly*, indicates that this other way of doing business is largely affected by the capitalistic one; and *thirdly*, concludes that whatever he says about the capitalistic way of doing business will have its good effect on the whole world.

What is this "other way of doing business"?

In the capitalistic way, one party supplies the capital, and the other, the labor in the "other way," the same person owns the capital and supplies the labor.

The Pope gives farmers as only one example of this "other way of doing business"; what other examples are there?

There are small shopkeepers, artisans, peddlers, etc.

What proportion of the population in the United States is engaged in the farming business?

The 1935 International Year Book gives the farming population of the United States at 32,779,000 out of the country's 120,000,000 population.

Would the co-operatives be another example of this "other way of doing business"?

Yes; even though they hire some people who contribute only labor—like the clerk in the co-operative grocery store, or the operator of a co-operative cheese

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factory—still the main capital and the main labor is contributed by the same individuals.

Have farmers and small shop-owners in the United States any special difficulties?

Among the farmers, there is the difficulty of farm-tenantry; many farmers are losing their farms and becoming tenants on other people's land; in fact, almost half the farmers in the country are tenants. The special difficulty of the small shop owner is the chain store, which tends to crowd him out of business.

Did the Popes say anything particular about farm-tenantry?

Leo XIII in "Rerum Novarum," n. 35, says: "The law should favor ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many people as possible to become owners"; and he then goes on to apply this especially to those who live on farms. This is also the doctrine of Pius XI in "The Fortieth Year," for when speaking of the Redemption of the Proletariat, he insists on the need of taking measures that will enable "hired rural laborers" to obtain "a share in the land."

Do the Popes say anything that has special reference to the chain stores?

Leo XIII's doctrine that as many people as possible become owners of property is a discouragement, to say the least, of the chain store idea; Pius XI, in the section of "The Fortieth Year" on the Reform of the State, lays down some general principle which seem applicable to the modern chain store. He says first, that it is necessary today "for large groups to do many things that formerly were handled by much smaller ones." Note that the Pope says *necessary*; in case the smaller group—the smaller merchant, etc.,—is still able to handle his business for the common good, Pius XI has this to say in the same section: "It is an injustice, as well as a most serious disturbance and unsettling of right social order, to take from any minor group the things that it can manage and accomplish by itself, and hand them over to a larger group, or one of higher rank."

How does the capitalistic way of doing business bring its own "conveniences" to the small shop owner and to the farmer?

To the *small shop-owner*—the corner grocer and butcher—the large scale methods of production and transportation peculiar to the capitalistic way of doing business makes it possible to provide his customers with a much greater variety of goods than would be otherwise possible; and to the *farmer*, the capitalistic way of doing business brings modern machinery to help him in his farming and a great many conveniences and luxuries—such as the automobile, radio, etc.,—which make his life in general much more pleasant than it was before.

How does the capitalistic way of doing business bring its own "shortcomings and vices" to the small shop-owner and to the farmer?

To the *small shop-owner* it brings the great inconveniences of having to compete with chain stores, which can and do undersell him and so often ruin his business; and to the *farmer*, it brings this inconvenience that whereas formerly he could practically trade in his products to the small merchant for an equal return in the goods that he needed, he now must sell his products at a comparatively low price, and buy what he needs at a comparatively high price. This, of course, has been ruinous for the farmers, and has led to the loss of farms by many farmers, and their becoming not owners, but tenants. Note that the ultimate aim of the United States Agricultural Adjustment Act and Administration was precisely to remedy this evil by restoring some kind of equality or "parity" between the prices of farm products and of industrial products.

Catholic Anecdotes



THE CHAINED BOOK

After one of the presidential elections in recent years, booksellers in Washington noticed increasing demands for informative literature about the Catholic Church. Most of those asking for such books showed a sincere desire to know the truth. Some were antagonistic; a few were humorous.

One old man came to the book store run by a Mr. Gallery and pointed to a stock of books in the window.

"What's them?" he asked.

"They are Bibles," was the reply.

"Say, this is a Catholic Book Store, ain't it?"

"Yes, it is."

"And you sell them Bibles to Catholics?"

"Surely; they are Catholic Bibles."

The old man stood stiffly, as though he had received a shock. Then a frown appeared on his face. "Let me see one of them," he said.

He opened the book and scanned the first few pages, then closed it with a bang. Turning to the proprietor, he said:

"You wrap me up about six of them. I come from down in North Carolina, and they been telling me that Catholics ain't allowed to look in the Bible. They told me lots of other things, too, that I don't believe now. I'm going to take them Bibles down there and ram them down the throats of the blankety-blank liars."

REBUTTAL

In the old German city of Munster, a large crowd had gathered not long ago to hear an address by a government official on the "four year plan," the current economic program of the Nazi Reich.

The orator of the day began his discourse with a violent tirade against the Catholic Church. The audience sat listening patiently, waiting for him to get around to the four year plan. This, however, he showed no promise of doing; on the contrary, he warmed more and more to the subject of the evils of the Church of Rome.

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At last a man in the audience arose. He made his way slowly to the speaker's platform. Every eye was on him and a tense silence prevailed. It was broken by the calm, strong voice of the stranger.

"Sir," he said to the speaker, "you were supposed to speak to us about the four year plan, and we came here to listen to an address on that subject, not to a series of insults against the Catholic Church."

"And who are you?" cried the speaker, in an angry, threatening voice.

"I am the commander of the garrison of Munster," came the reply. Then turning to the crowd, he added: "If any one here agrees with me, let him follow me!" and he strode from the hall.

In a moment's time there were about twenty people left to hear the discourse on the four year plan.

ONE BAPTISM

The Church of St. George, in the capitol of Ethiopia, was thronged with people awaiting the arrival of Haile Selassie, the Emperor, who was bringing his fifth son to be baptized. It happened, however, that at the same time three peasant women came to the church, carrying infants that they also wanted to have baptized. The sacristans and attendants sent them off brusquely, telling them that they should not try to interrupt the ceremonies for the Emperor's son.

The Emperor heard of this and commanded that the peasant women be recalled.

"Before God," he said, "there are no rich and poor — we are all equal."

He himself received the women with the greatest courtesy, and told them that their babies would be baptized together with the young prince. Then he added:

"My oldest daughter, Princess Tenenework, will be the god-mother for the first child. Prince Asfao will sponsor the second, and I shall myself be the god-father for the third."

So the ceremonies of baptism were performed, and the Emperor gained a new hold on the affections of his people.



Insults are like counterfeit money; we can't help their being offered but we needn't take them.

Pointed Paragraphs

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

It is not difficult to picture the distress and chagrin that will be experienced by many people when their lives are over and suddenly they see a lot of things they could have seen but refused to look at while they were still alive. How the parade of "might have been's" and "could have been's" and "should have been's" will shrivel their newly released souls, and becloud the joy of the new hour of vision recently granted to them!

In that day every neglected opportunity for spiritual purification and progress will be like a knife turn in a wound. We have seen sons and daughters who could have saved a mother's life by some simple expedient, on the verge of going crazy with remorse that they neglected it. We have seen strong men collapsing from self-condemnation that they did not avert some fatal accident to another. We have seen all kinds of futile and agonizing self-criticism among men. But we have seen nothing as yet — because we have not yet seen men with a short life behind them and an eternity before them comparing the wasted opportunities of the former with the irretrievable losses of the latter.

One opportunity that is granted to many people, and by many neglected, is that of making a retreat. We who have seen the effect of a retreat on human characters can only estimate the benefits in eternal terms. It is one of the things that leaves most people mute with gratitude or able to say only "I wish I had done this long before!" A good retreat brings out that essentially human instinct of spiritual longing and gives it a kind of fulfillment nowhere else attained. It brings it out — even though it has been choked and smothered and atrophied by too much concern for "the cares and riches of the world."

We all expect to be astounded when the eyes of our souls will first open upon the actual vision of God. But what a relief from the pain that can so easily accompany astonishment, to be able to say upon that day: "I have seen Him before — not in all the breath-taking loveliness of this present vision, but in the quiet moments of a retreat He showed Himself to me. And He there inspired me to live in such a way that there is only joy in our meeting today!"

Have you an opportunity to make a retreat? Don't miss it — as you hope one day to see God!

"BUSINESS IS BUSINESS"

We always knew that there was a great deal of injustice in business. We knew that many men had adopted "double standards," one for their social lives, in which they believed it was wrong to steal; and one for their business lives in which they believed it was not only right, but necessary to steal. Of course they don't call it stealing. They call it shrewdness, or foresight, or "business sense."

Just recently we came across what well might be the original defense of that sort of thing. It was written in the latter half of the seventeenth century by Daniel Dafoe, the famous author of *Robinson Crusoe* — in his more serious book "*The Complete Tradesman*." It is significant of the swift moral decay that followed upon the rise of Protestantism. These are his words:

"There is some difference between an honest man and an honest tradesman. . . . There are some latitudes, like poetical licenses in other cases, which a tradesman must be and is allowed, and which by the custom and usage of the trade he may give himself a liberty in, which cannot be allowed in other cases to any men, no, nor to the tradesman himself outside of his business."

That is a clearcut statement of the double standard that has nearly smashed to smithereens modern civilization. How eagerly it has been taken over by the powers of industry! How deeply it has entrenched avarice and greed! How coldly and inhumanly it has bled widows and orphans, and enslaved workingmen and starved the poor! What an impetus it has given to furious competition — in which everything goes, no holds are barred, justice and fairplay are forgotten, and might makes right, if deceit and fraud happen to fail.

Yet they are all honest men, these men for whom Dafoe is spokesman and guide. They would not break into a neighbor's home and steal. They would not hold up a man at the point of a gun. There is a commandment — Thou shalt not steal — for private life. But it doesn't hold in business: there, men are not men; they are wild animals stalking a prey; feeding on the carcasses of their fellowmen.

Let him who wants to follow that interpretation of morality have his slogans: "Business is business" — and "Let the buyer beware," and

"everybody's doing it." These are only thin veils covering his rottenness. He may live as a beast of prey; he will die and be judged as a man!

LET'S HAVE THE TRUTH

One of the most daring lies handed down through a number of years was recently brought to light by the faculty members of St. John's University at Collegeville, Minnesota. The lie concerned Pope Leo XIII—and stated that he had practically taken back all that he said in the famous encyclical *Rerum Novarum* with regard to Capital and Labor.

The most recent form of the accusation against this famous Pope was found in an otherwise excellent book, entitled *The Papacy and World Affairs*, published by the University of Chicago Press this year. In that book this statement is made:

"It is true that in January, 1902, Leo XIII somewhat reversed his liberal policy, as expressed in *Rerum Novarum*, when he issued the Encyclical concerning 'Christian Democracy in Italy,' in which he condemned as novelties, all such things as factory laws for children, old age pensions, minimum wages for agricultural laborers, the eight-hour day, trade guilds, and the encouragement of Sunday rest (because they approached Socialism too freely) and counseled the popular Christian movement in Italy to devote its energies to a restoration of the temporal power."

A footnote referred this passage to three sources for verification. One was a non-Catholic book which gave no indication of the origin of the statement. Another was the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 14th edition, which under the article, Leo XIII, makes the charge embodied above, but in more indirect form. No quotations are given. Moreover the same wording is given unchanged in the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th editions of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

For the truth of the matter it is necessary to go directly to the letter written by Leo XIII in 1902. There is not one word in the whole letter about the six things (factory laws for children, old age pensions, minimum wage laws, etc.) supposed to have been repudiated according to the statement above. More than that, the letter actually praises those who have been trying to put the principles of *Rerum Novarum* into effect!

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Just another instance of how a lie can be handed down from generation to generation as if it were the truth.

CATHOLIC RADICALS

An organization has been formed in Pittsburg called "The Catholic Radical Alliance." Its avowed purpose is to put the Encyclicals on the Social Question into actual practice. It holds meetings once a week, in which lectures are given, on topics that have been outlined and mimeographed for all in attendance.

That the Catholic program of social justice is *radical* in the best sense of the word cannot be doubted. One of the speakers of the alliance made this clear in the following statement:

"There are two main ways of looking at the world: the secularist and the Catholic. The Secularist sees life in terms of this world only. He judges social problems from this viewpoint. He regards man as little more than a more developed, more intelligent kind of animal whose chief purpose is to get the most he can out of this life in terms of material goods and physical pleasures. The Catholic, on the other hand, sees men and women as immortal souls whose chief end it is to know God and to enjoy Him forever. He believes in the primacy of the Spiritual. The Catholic is convinced that the fall of man, the redemption, and grace are truths of the utmost significance in estimating how we should live our social life."

To build a social program on that basis is to be radical indeed. Radical in the sense of "going to the root of the matter." Peace and prosperity can no more be produced when the basic truth of man's destiny is neglected than a plant can be made to thrive by spraying when the root has been attacked by a cut worm.

The atheists and the materialists are the cutworms of today. They have attacked the roots of human dignity; all the spraying in the world will avail nothing until the root is restored to life.

IMMORAL MEANS

All good Americans realize that Communism is a menace in the United States that must be met and overcome. But some are so overcome by their fear that they grasp every weapon that presents itself and dash into the fray. Sometimes the weapons are more dangerous

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than the threat of Communism itself. They need a good lesson in the hackneyed truth that a good end does not justify bad means; and he who uses bad means for a good end is no better morally than he who is promoting the fulfillment of a bad end.

In this business of opposing Communism there are many bad means being used. Monsignor John A. Ryan listed them recently under four heads, and without relaxing vigilance and effort against Communism, every American should take notice of these bad means, and avoid them.

The first wrong means is "the use of violent language and the expression of hatred in the denunciation of Communism." Christ said "love your enemies." That love must be shown in speech and action, even though the Communist scorns it and continues to be an enemy.

The second wrong way is "that of making false accusations of Communism against persons who are not Communists at all, though some of them may hold one or other radical belief." This hasty and general charge of Communism against every person and movement that one does not agree with is suspect of self-interest and greed. Small souls always use general alarms to protect their private interests. One must know what one is talking about when making an accusation; otherwise it is downright calumny.

The third wrong method consists "in attacking Communism without admitting there are any evils in our economic system, and without proposing any specific remedies." You don't notice the Holy Father doing that; he never speaks of Communism without pointing out evil social practices that foster it and presenting remedies.

The fourth evil means is "to exaggerate the number of real Communists in the United States." Nobody knows exactly how many Communists there are in the United States. To glibly throw out huge figures as if they were authenticated is to be guilty of lying. A good cause never needs a lie.

The passions of men are violent enough without groundless provocatives. It is the use of such means that does more to confirm Communists and stir up their violence than all the actual propaganda in the world.

WOMAN TO WOMAN

One of the finest bits of advice to women we have read came recently from Mrs. Carl R. Gray, for 50 years wife of the President of the

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Union Pacific Railroad. Her remarks were made when she arrived in New York to receive the Golden Rule Foundation Silver Medal, emblematic of "The American Mother of 1937."

"Woman," she said, "is off her pedestal, but she has taken herself off. She has come down to man's level, instead of bringing man up to her own. She wanted to be man's equal, and in order to do so, she had to go down, not up."

She added that she did not believe in woman suffrage, because she deemed it one of those equalities responsible for woman's present status and outlook.

She suggested more children in the home, more attention to home-making and elimination of cocktails and cigarettes. The difficulties of rearing a family today are much greater, in her opinion "not that there are any new temptations, there hasn't been a new sin invented, — there are just more of the same old ones."

Asked her opinion on the increase of crime in younger persons, she gave three reasons: "Too little religion in the home, too much modernism in the Church, and too much atheism in the schools."

There's a tidy morsel, we avow, for the modern woman to masticate and digest.

RED NAMES AND RED FLAGS

The name of John L. Lewis has come to represent to the minds of a great many people what a red flag seems to mean to the hungry bull in a Spanish arena. Both see "red" — the bull an actual red, and the others a more dubious "red" — and there is about an equal amount of reason for frenzied fury on both sides.

We say "a great many people." We want to make the point and to make is strongly that merely to pick up scurrilous names and fling them at someone is no sign of the intelligence supposed to be found in the rational animal, Man. For those who argue on the basis of facts, either for or against John L. Lewis or anybody else, we have ears; but for the growing element that simply accepts the slurs and slanders concocted by one-track minds we have no time.

We realize that it is hard to get facts in this matter when our eyes and ears are assailed by so much stuff put out by those who are interested in our seeing only one side. The least that can be done is take John L. Lewis' own platform and statements and background and

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examine them; take the word of people who know him and have talked to him and have watched his activities at close range; take the facts (not the fictions of the newspapers) about the strikes he has called.

Dorothy Day of *The Catholic Worker* interviewed the man recently. She wanted to get to the bottom of some of these Communistic charges. She asked him the blunt question as to what he thought about the hand Communists were giving him.

"My idea of Communists," he answered, "is that they are products of a system. Given a decent social order, and you'll have good Americans. I've read all that's been written on Communism and Fascism these past years, and I'm not having any. What I want to do, what I want to help to do, is to make America an industrial democracy."

That statement is pretty close to the exact words of Pius XI in his Encyclical against Communism.

Again in the Steel Strike in Chicago in which seven persons were killed and about 60 wounded, there are facts that need to be considered in any estimate of the tragedies involved. The issue from the start was a simple one: The Steel Workers Organizing Committee asked for an election, to be supervised by the Labor Board, to decide whether the plant wanted the union to be the bargaining agency with the employers. The head of the Corporation absolutely refused the request; even refused to consider seeing John L. Lewis. The Wagner Act was simply outlawed by the corporation. And where the blame rests for the violence that occurred is a question that does not submit to the simple explanation of mob rule.

There are two sides to every question, said Cardinal Newman long ago. Let's insist on seeing both. You cannot miss seeing the side of capital; every newspaper is paid to present it with embellishments. Dig until you see the facts about Labor as well.

RELATIVES

A little boy once found a picture of a saint, and showing it to his sister said:

"I have found a picture of Jesus: look at the gold ring around His head."

"No," replied the girl, "this is not Jesus. See, there is the name of the saint, but it is so long I cannot read it."

"Well," returned the boy, "if it is not Jesus, it is one of His relatives."

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EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

GOD OBEYS MAN

St. Paul praises the obedience of Jesus Christ, saying, that he obeyed his Eternal Father even to death: *becoming obedient even unto death.*

From: *Visits to the Most Holy Sacrament* But in this sacrament he has gone still farther; for here he has

been pleased to become obedient, not only to his Eternal Father, but also to man; and not only to death, but as long as the world shall last; so that we can say: "He has become obedient even unto the consummation of the world." He, the King of Heaven, comes down from heaven in obedience to man, and then seems to dwell and converse there, in order to obey men: *And I do not resist.* There he remains without moving himself; he allows himself to be placed where men will, be it for exposition in the remonstrance, or to be enclosed in the tabernacle. He allows himself to be carried whithersoever he is borne, be it into houses or through the streets; he allows himself to be given in communion to whomsoever he is administered, be they just or sinners. St. Luke says that whilst he dwelt on earth he obeyed the Most Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Joseph; but in this Sacrament he obeys as many creatures as there are priests on earth: *And I do not resist.*

OBEDIENCE TO THE CONFESSOR

It is certain that in the personal direction of conscience, the confessor is the lawful superior, as

From: *Spiritual Treatises* St. Francis de Sales, with all spiritual instructors, declares, while F. Pinamonti, in

his *Spiritual Director*, says: "It is well to make the scrupulous perceive, that submitting their will to the ministers of the Lord provides them the greatest security in all that is not manifestly sin. Let them read the lives of the saints, and they will find that they know of no safer road than obedience. The saints plainly trusted more to the voice of their confessor than to the immediate voice of God; and yet the scrupulous would lean more on their own judgment than on the Gospel, which assures them, 'He that heareth you heareth Me.'"

The Blessed Henry Suso says, that "God demands no account from us of things done under obedience." St. Philip Neri says the same: "Let such as desire to advance in the way of God submit themselves to a learned confessor, and obey him in God's stead; let him who thus acts assure himself that he will have to render no account to God for his actions." He says, moreover, that one should have all faith in one's confessor, on the ground that God would not permit him to err; and that there is nothing that more surely cuts asunder the snares of the devil than to do the will of another in what is good, nor anything more full of danger than to be guiding ourselves according to what seems best to us; which is confirmed by St. John of the Cross, who says, in the name of the Lord: "When thou art unfaithful to confessors, thou art so unto Me, who have said, He that despiseth you despiseth me." And again: "Not to rest

satisfied with what the confessor says is pride and failure in faith."

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS

A child owes obedience to a parent in all things that are just. *Children*, says St. Paul, *obey your parents in the Lord*.
From: Hence, a child is bound
Instructions to obey his parents in
for the what concerns the serv-
People ice of the family, and particularly in all that regards morals — for instance, when they command him not to play or associate with low companions, or to enter a suspected house, and if he disobeys, he is guilty of sin.

I must say a word on the text of St. Paul, already quoted: *Children, obey your parents in the Lord*. Mark the words *in the Lord*. They mean that we should obey parents in all things that are pleasing to God, but not in that which is offensive to him. If, for example, a mother commanded a child to commit theft, or to strike a person, is he obliged to obey her? Not at all — he sins if he does obey her. Thus, also, in choosing a state of life, whether to be married or to remain single, to become a priest or a religious, a son, according to St. Thomas, and all theologians, is not bound to obey his parents. However, a son who contracts a marriage that brings dishonor on the family is guilty of sin. With regard to entering religion, if your parents are poor and in great necessity, and if you can by your industry relieve them, it is not lawful for you to abandon them and become a religious. But, on the other hand, fathers or mothers who oblige their children to become priests or monks commit a mortal sin.

PURITY OF INTENTION

Purity of intention consists in performing all our actions through the sole motive of pleasing God. It is necessary to know that the

good or bad intention
From: with which an act is
The True performed makes the
Spouse of act good or bad in the
Jesus Christ sight of God. *If*, said our Lord, *thy eye be single, thy whole body shall be lightsome. But if thy eye be evil, thy whole body shall be darksome*. By the eye the holy Fathers understand the intention, and by the body they understand the action. Hence Jesus Christ tells us that if our intention be simple, that is, if we have no other object than to please Him, our works are good, and resplendent with the light of purity: but if our intention be twofold, that is, if any vicious end enters into our actions, they are sinful. Holy simplicity admits no other end than the pleasure of God. Hence a pure intention is the soul of our actions: it gives them life, and makes them pleasing in the eyes of God.

In the estimation of men, the value of an act increases in proportion to the time spent in its performance; but before God the value of an act increases in proportion to the purity of the intention with which it is performed. Can there be any action more excellent than to suffer martyrdom, and to give one's life for the faith? But St. Paul says: *If I should deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing*. Though I should give my body to the flames, unless I give it for God, it profits me nothing.

Book Reviews

RELIGION

The Great Teacher, A Course of Sermons on Christ the Divine Teacher. By Very Rev. Tihamer Toth. Translated by V. G. Agotai. Published by B. Herder. 262 pages. Price, \$2.25.

Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinions of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.

This is the third in a series of popular apologetic courses Dr. Toth has prepared. The first one dealt with "God's Amazing World," the second with "The Great God," while this one establishes the fact and implications of the divinity of Jesus Christ. We greeted the other two books enthusiastically in these columns; without reservation we believe that the third is the greatest of the three.

Perhaps it is because the question of the identity of Christ is so supremely critical and important. The naturalist, the deist, the pagan, even the agnostic, may posit some kind of a belief in God: the crucial question always is: but what of Jesus Christ? St. Paul puts the alternative very bluntly: "If Christ be not risen, then is our faith vain." Of course that includes the more basic questions: If there be no Christ, or if Christ be not God, then is our faith vain. There is another horn of the dilemma for every thinking man: If Christ is God, then there can be no indifference about Him; no side-stepping issues that are brought up by His teachings; no sophisticated aloofness from the range of His authority. If Christ is God, every man is His creature, subject to His threats if He will not subject Himself to His authority and avail Himself of His promises.

Dr. Toth begins his treatise by a reference to Christ's own words: "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." He takes that text as the measure of the attitude to be adopted in studying Christ as well as in following His words. This does not make his argumentation childish; it only divests it of that pride and can be so often affected by those who set out to write in a "learned way." He writes simply, clearly, but gives an array of evidence that no humble thinker can escape. The

style has not suffered at the hands of the translator. We cannot recommend the book too highly for all who would "increase their faith," or arm themselves with arguments strong enough to bat-

ter down the defenses of the unbeliever.

— D. F. M.

TRAVEL

My European Diary. By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work Press. 302 pages. Price, \$2.00.

This is a chatty sort of travelogue, made up of the kind of material a person would write in his letters back home about what he saw and felt and dreamed on a trip to Europe. That, the author tells us, was the first intention of these jottings; they were musings sent home to his friends from various points of his journey and not intended at all for a book. The friends prevailed upon him, when the last homecoming notes had been dashed off, to publish the whole account of the trip in book form. Because Father Lord is not an ordinary letter-writer, because he has enthusiasm for spiritual and artistic values and a keen sense of the interesting in the commonplace, the book will be enjoyed by the most casual reader. He warns us at the outset that nothing startling in the way of experiences or adventures is to be expected; he travelled the beaten paths, met the usual traveler types, visited the well known places. But the alchemy of personality transforms the ordinary. The result is almost autobiographical; it gives a faithful picture of the character and personality of Father Lord.

— D. F. M.

FICTION

As the Morning Rising. A Novel by Sigrid Van Sweringen. Published by Benziger. 362 pages. Price, \$2.50 net.

This is, in the cloak of fiction, the story of Elizabeth Seton's childhood and early life up to and including her marriage. One of the valiant characters of American history, Mrs. Seton showed early in childhood the roots of character and sanctity that blossomed forth so

nobly and effectively in her later years. The story is written in a sentimental, idealistic style that approves it for children or very young people more than for adults. In such it will awaken the idealism that made a truly beautiful thing of the life of Elizabeth Seton. — D. F. M.

LAW

Disciplinary Decrees of the General Councils. Text, Translation and Commentary by Rev. H. J. Schroeder, O.P. Published by B. Herder Co., St. Louis, Mo. 670 pages. Price, \$6.00.

We have a number of summaries of conciliar decrees and decisions, and for years of teaching have been using them considerably. Here we have something new, at least in English. All students of theology are familiar with Hefele's German History of the Councils. Father Schroeder's work offers something similar to this. This is saying a great deal.

Father Schroeder limits himself to the Disciplinary Decrees of the General Councils. But he gives not only the text, but a reliable translation and a short but satisfactory commentary. A brief history of the Council precedes each one. The original text of all the decrees treated is given at the end of the book. This was very advisable, I believe, especially for student use.

The whole work is very well done and manifests wide research and study. Hardly any work of importance is overlooked. It is full of information and sometimes corrects views held till now on insufficient grounds. For the student of Church History it will be invaluable. Students of Canon Law and Moral Theology will also find it very helpful. The price may seem large; but there is so much offered in this book, in amount and quality, that priests and teachers ought to be willing to make the outlay. The printing and proof reading, which must have required great care, are very well done. — A. T. Z.

ASCETICISM

To Heights Serene. By Sister St. Michael Cowan, of the Daughters of the Holy Ghost. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. 91 pages. Price??

Sister St. Michael gives as seven short essays on Silence, Self-possession, Communion With Nature, Joy, Friendship, Memories, and Kindness. She herself describes her purpose in writing this little book in the Introduction:

"Sooner or later we all come to experience the storms and tempests . . .

and varied dangers that beset that highway (of life) over which the multitudes must pass. Would it not be a blessing for those who are not strong enough . . . to find some sheltered bypaths in which they would . . . escape from the strife of tongues and the jostling of the crowd? The object of this little work is to suggest such quiet trails."

The list of subjects very clearly reflects this chosen purpose. Sister St. Michael's manner, too, is very well adapted to it: it is quiet and deliberate. Her counsels are simple but wise. The reading ought to be helpful for prayer.

— A. T. Z.

PAMPHLETS

The Church is out of Date. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10c. A fine, earnest, interesting apology for the Church of TODAY. To paraphrase a once popular song title—Everybody's out of Step but the Catholic Church. Is the Church blocking traffic? Is it out of line? Is it out of tune? Father Lord answers emphatically: "No." — M. S. B.

Forever and Forever. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10c. The story of a man who did some thinking. Of course he would love Phyllis "forever and forever," even though she was the divorced wife of his friend. And Glen Murray thought he was a champion sleeper—but he spent that night thinking over "forever and forever." Just another "eternal triangle" story?—not quite; this one is different. Read it for yourself. — M. S. B.

At Mass with Mary. By John Sexton Kennedy, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. 19 pages. Price, 5 cents.

This short pamphlet contains in a sort of outline or sketch form an excellent method of assisting with devotion and attention at Holy Mass. It is method that might well be employed as a special offering in honor of the Blessed Mother during May. This is a pamphlet made not simply to be read, but to be read and put into practice. The lessons which we can learn from Our Blessed Lady are quite beyond numbering; none of them is simpler or of greater value than that of worthy assistance at Holy Mass. Herein we shall consider, first, the thorough excellence of Mary's following of the first Mass, and then the value to us of her exceptional example.

— M. S. B.



Catholic Events



Persons:

His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, has expressed his cordial thanks to the hierarchy and people of the United States for their expressions of affection and loyalty on the occasion of his 80th birthday. Cardinal Pacelli, papal secretary of state, expressed the Holy Father's gratitude in the following words written to the Apostolic Delegate of the United States: "The Sovereign Pontiff desires Your Excellency to convey to the members of the Hierarchy his cordial thanks for their affectionate regard and homage, which cannot but be received by the Common Father with the most tender appreciation, in view of the fervent prayers composing it and the filial love from which it springs. . . . He imparts the apostolic benediction on Your Excellency and all the members of the Church in the United States."

The Most Rev. A. J. McGavick, D.D., bishop of La Crosse, Wisconsin, celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood on June 11th. Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago presided at the ceremonies, and Archbishop Stritch of Milwaukee delivered the sermon.

The Most Rev. Edward Mooney, former Bishop of Rochester, New York, will be solemnly installed as Archbishop of the newly constituted Archdiocese of Detroit on Tuesday, August 3rd. His Excellency, the Most Rev. Amleto Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, will officiate at the installation.

The Most Rev. Joseph H. Albers, formerly auxiliary bishop of Cleveland, will be solemnly installed as the first Bishop of the new Diocese of Lansing, Michigan, on Wednesday, August 4th. The new diocese is within the new Province of Detroit.

The Most Rev. Walter A. Foery, formerly director of Charities in the diocese of Rochester, will be solemnly consecrated the fifth bishop of Syracuse in Rochester, on Wednesday, August 18th. Archbishop Mooney will officiate. The installation of Bishop Foery in his diocese will take place on September 1st, His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, officiating.

The Most Rev. Paul C. Schulte, pastor of the Old Cathedral Church of St. Louis in the city of St. Louis, has been named Bishop of Leavenworth, Kansas, by Pope Pius XI. His entire priestly life since his ordination in 1915 has been spent in the service of the Old Cathedral, first as assistant, then as administrator, and finally as pastor.

The Most Rev. John Marius Laval, Titular Bishop of Hierocaesarea and Auxiliary Bishop of New Orleans, died at the age of 82 in St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco. He had been Auxiliary Bishop of New Orleans since 1911.

The Very Rev. James J. O'Brien, C.S.C., vice-president of St. Edward's university, Austin, Texas, has been elected national chaplain of the Reserve Officers' association, which numbers 115,000 commissioned officers in the United States Army. Father O'Brien served as chaplain in the World War, and holds the rank of lieutenant colonel.

The Sacred Roman Rota, which is the highest matrimonial tribunal in the world and the last court of appeal in cases in which the validity or nullity of marriages is disputed, adjudicated 75 cases during the year 1936. Of these only 28

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marriages were declared null, either on the grounds of "fear and force" in entering the contract, or "defective consent." This is the lowest ratio of declarations of nullity in some years.

The Rev. Ramon Martinez Silva, S.J., has been named rector of Montezuma Seminary, the new Seminary near Las Vegas, New Mexico, for the training of Mexican students for the priesthood. American Catholics contributed to the purchase of the Seminary site and buildings. *The Rev. Martin Habig, S.J.*, has been named procurator. The Seminary will be in complete charge of the Jesuit Fathers.

Mr. Charles D. Maginnis, of Boston, Massachusetts, has been elected president of the American Institute of Architects at the 69th convention of the association. Mr. Maginnis is a widely known Catholic layman, and a member of the firm of Maginnis and Walsh of Boston, designers of many famous Catholic Churches in the United States.

Places:

In *Germany*, the Catholic bishops have completely refuted the "corruption" charges made against the clergy by the Nazi government. In an official statement, read in all the pulpits of the nation, it was pointed out that out of a total of 25,635 priests only 58 are in any way involved in the immorality trials of religious now in process. Of these 22 have been found guilty in 36 trials. Other cases are still pending. The German hierarchy has set up a special commission to inquire into every case brought up by the Nazis of so-called clerical immorality. Priests or members of lay orders actually found guilty will be severely punished by the Church herself.

In *Mexico*, sixteen churches in the State of Sonora were opened for the first time in three years, as a result of the "Kneel-down strike" organized by Mexican Catholics who had forced open the cathedral. All priests had been exiled from Sonora; sixteen were allowed to return to exercise their ministry.

In the *University of Washington at Seattle*, the first Catholic Evidence Guild of Catholic students at a secular university has been formed. Students will be trained to speak on Catholic topics before campus organizations. It has been shown that non-Catholics are interested in hearing discussions of Catholic doctrines, and that many Catholic students have been incapable of answering questions put to them.

In *Spain*, the outcome of the civil war will not be, attests Gil Robles in the last of this series of articles published in *America*, the creation of a Fascist State. He says that a temporary military dictatorship may logically be expected when Franco wins the war, but that a system of government based on the character of the Spanish people will then be worked out.

In *Chicago*, the Franciscan Fathers in charge of Corpus Christi Church have made over 1,200 converts in the past five years. The Church was opened to the colored people of the neighborhood in 1932, and since that time the Fathers have averaged well over 200 converts a year.

In *Amsterdam, Holland*, 150,000 Catholic men took part in the annual silent procession through the streets of the city this year. The procession dates back to the 14th century, and has been held every year since, though during the years of persecution only a small group kept the custom alive. Each year an intention is made for which the procession is offered; this year is was "that God may save Holland from Communism and other forms of paganism."

Lucid Intervals

"Answer the phone, Uncle Mose!"

"Yaas, suh, boss!"

"Who was it, Uncle?"

"Ah don't know; Ah couldn't see 'im."

*

Sandy and his wife had decided to adopt a baby, and at the orphanage Jean asked for a little girl. As soon as Sandy heard her request, he whispered:

"Easy, Jean, woman, let it be a boy. Have ye forgotten the boy's cap we found last year at the fair?"

*

An old country couple, having their first bus ride in London, became rather uneasy on hearing the conductor call out St. James and then St. John. The old chap grew very fidgety, saying to his wife: "Isn't it time we got out, dear?"

"Don't show your ignorance, Harry," she said. "Wait till yer name's called."

*

It was after the opera. The expensively dressed woman approached the broad-shouldered man.

"If I am not mistaken," she said, "I have the honor of speaking to the renowned basso, have I not?"

He felt flattered. "And what can I do for you, madam?" he asked.

"I can't find my car," she answered, pleasantly. "Would you be so kind as to call out 'Charlie' at the top of your voice?"

*

Angry Employer (to Irishman who insisted on leaving his service): "Well, good-bye, Pat, and bad luck to you."

Pat: "Good luck to you, sir, and may neither of us be right."

*

"Good morning," said a stranger to a woman who had answered the door bell. "Would you like to buy some insect powder?"

"No," she snapped. "I have no use for that stuff."

"Good," replied the stranger. "I will take that room you are advertising."

*

When little sister Anne was told to go quietly into the bedroom to see if Uncle Henry was still asleep, she returned with the information that "he's all asleep but his nose."

Bank Teller: "You will have to be identified, madam."

Woman: "Certainly; my friend here will identify me."

Bank Teller: "But I don't know her, madam."

Woman: "How silly of me. Of course, I'll introduce you."

*

Officer: "Miss, you were doing sixty miles an hour."

She: "Oh, isn't that splendid! I only learned to drive yesterday."

*

Some time ago a young Irish farmer in the County Kilkenny was very much in love. He wanted to marry the girl, but being a shy lad he could not for the life of him ask her outright to marry him.

He felt he would choke if he tried to mention the words marry or marriage to her. So, after taking much earnest, shrewd thought on the problem, he asked her in a whisper one evening:

"Julia, how would you like to be buried with my people?"

*

Photographer (lining up the students for a school picture): "Now smile nicely at the girl over there, young man."

Bill: "Aw, heck, that's my sister."

*

The man at the theater was annoyed by conversation in the row behind.

"Excuse me," he said turning, "but we can't hear a word."

"Is that so," retorted the woman behind. "Well what we are talking about is none of your business."

*

Bobbie asked so many questions that finally he wore out his mother's patience and was packed off to bed.

Later his mother repented. She tiptoed upstairs, knelt beside his bed, and told him she was sorry.

"Now, dear," she said, "if you want to ask one more question before you go to sleep, ask it now, and I'll try to answer."

Bobbie thought for a moment, then said: "Mother, how far can a cat spit?"

Redemptorist Scholarships

A Redemptorist scholarship or bursae is a fund of \$5,000 whose interest serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary forever. Below is the list of incomplete Burses. Some large or small may be given, and each donor is included in the daily Masses, Holy Communion and special prayers offered up by all Redemptorist students.

Supporting candidates for the priesthood has always been a favorite work among Catholics.

By this, families in which none has received an actual vocation may adopt a priest as their own.

By this, they make themselves sharers in all the labors of the priest whom they have aided.

By this they take an active part in perpetuating the Church of Christ.

Married Ladies Bursae, St. Louis, Rock Church	\$2,724.52
Ven. Bishop Neumann Bursae.....	4,625.00
Sacred Heart Promoters' Bursae. \$4,816.57	
League Promoters of the Rock Church	29.00 4,845.57
St. Joseph's Bursae	1,712.00
St. Francis Assisi Bursae.....	2,907.50
Little Flower Bursae.....	3,004.50
St. Anne's Bursae.....	657.00
St. Jude's Bursae	271.00
St. Rita's Bursae.....	517.00
St. Thomas Apostle Bursae.....	211.00
St. Gerard's Bursae.....	533.00
St. Peter's Bursae.....	247.25
Holy Family Bursae.....	27.50
St. Anthony's Bursae	417.00
Mary Gockel Bursae.....	12.00
Rev. Nicholas Franzen, C.Sa.R., Memorial Bursae	1,118.73
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Bursae \$998.94	
M. Robbins	3.00 1,001.94
St. Alphonsus Bursae	535.00
Holy Redeemer Bursae.....	500.00

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

Reviewed This Month

Black Aces
Doomed at Sun Down
Girl Said No, The
Love in a Bungalow
Married Before Breakfast
One Mile From Heaven
Two Flated Sheriff
Yodelin' Kid From Pine Ridge

Previously Reviewed

Affairs of Cappy Ricks, The
African Holiday
An All American Clump
And Sudden Death
Angel's Holiday
Armored Car
Babbled the Headlines
Beloved Enemy
Big Business
Blazing Sixes
Born to Dance
Brand of the Outlaws
Breeding Home
Buildup Edition
Charlie Chan at the Olympics
California Straight Ahead
Captain Courageous
The Case of the Black Cat
Case of the Stuttering Bishop, The

Cavalcade of the West
Charlotte Strip, The
Cheyenne Rides Again
China Clipper
Code of the Range
Come On, Cowboys
Conflict
Country Gentlemen
Cowboy Star
The Crooked Trail
Criminals of the Air
Dance, Charlie, Dance
Daniel Boone
Devil is a Sissy
Devil is Driving, The
Doctor's Diary, A
Dragsterman
Elephant Boy
Empty Saddles
Fifty Roads to Town
Fire Over England
Four Day's Wonder
Frame Up, The
Ghost Patrol
Girl from Scotland Yard
Girl Loves Boy
God's Country and the Woman
Go-Getter, The
Gold Racket, The
The Glory Trail
Good Old Sock
Grand Jury
Great Guy
Great Hospital Mystery, The
Gun Lords of Stirrup Basin
Guns in the Dark
The Harvester
Hats Off
Here Comes Carter

Hills of Old Wyoming
Hit Parade
Hittin' the Trail
Hollywood Cowboy
Hotel Haywire
House of Secrets
It Happened Out West
Jim Hanvey, Detective
Jungle Princess
Kelly the Second
Kidnapped in Shanghai
Killer at Large
Killers of the Sea
The King of Kings
King's People, The
Laughing at Trouble
Law of the Ranger
League of Frightened Men
Let Them Live
Let's Get Married
Let's Make a Million
Lightnin' Crandall
Lost Horizon
Love is News
Love On the Run
Mad Holiday
Make Way for a Lady
Make Way for Tomorrow
Man of Affairs
Man in Blue, The
Marry the Girl
Mary of Scotland
Melody for Two
Meet the Misses
Michael O'Halloran
Middiepoan Easy
Mile-a-Minute Love
Mind Your Own Business
M'Linn
Motor Madness
Mummy's Boys
Murder With Pictures
My American Wife
Mysterious Crossing
Navy Blues
Night Key
Night of Mystery, A
Nine Days a Queen
Nobody's Baby
North of Nome
Off to the Races
Oh! Doctor
Oh, Sunnyside
Old Louisiana
Once a Doctor
One Hundred Days of Napoleon
One in a Million
On the Avenue
Our Relations
Parole Racket
Peanuts From Heaven
Peared and Sent
Pick a Star
Pilot X
The Plinkeman
Prince and the Pauper, The
The Preview Murder Mystery
Prison Shadows
Quality Street

Racing Lady
Racketeers in Exile
Ransom
Rashless Ranger
Riding on Air
Rit in Die Football
Roaring Lead
Romance and Riches
Romeo and Juliet
Rootin' Tootin' Rhythms
Rose Bowl
Rhythm on the Range
Sandflow
Shall We Dance
Silent Marriage
Sing Me a Love Song
Sing While You're Able
Smoke Two Cans
Sling
Sing, Cowboy, Sing
A Son Comes Home
Song of the City
Speed to Spare
Stage Struck
Star for a Night
Stormy Trails
Stowaway
Straight From the Shoulder
Talent Scout
Tattler, The
Texas Ranger
That Man's How Again
There Goes My Girl
They Met in a Taxi
They Wanted to Marry
The Traitor
Three Smart Girls
Think Fast, Mr. Moto
Thirty Seconds of Love
This Is My Affair
Thunder in the City
Time Out for Romance
Too Many Wives
Top of the Town
Tough to Handle
Trapped
Trouble Ahead
Trouble in Morocco
Trouble in Texas
Tugboat Princess
Turn Off the Moon
23 1/4 Hours' Love
Two-Flated Gentlemen
Two Gun Law
Under the Red Robe
Under Your Spell
Venus Makes Trouble
Walkin' Wedding
Wake Up and Live
Way Out West
Wedding Present
We Have Our Moments
Westbound Mail
When Love Is Young
Wildcat, The
Wings Over Honolulu
With Love and Kisses
Yellowstone
You Can't Beat Love